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ST. ELMO
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No 9.
MERIDEN, CONN.

with the Compliments of

TOUR OF THE ST. ELMO'S

FROM THE NUTMEG STATE
TO THE GOLDEN GATE

1883

BY

E. B. EVERITT

"HISTORIAN"

THE NEW YORK
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1883

PUBLISHED BY THE
MERIDEN BOOK-BINDERY.

TO THE

SIR KNIGHTS

OF

ST. ELMO COMMANDERY

No. 9, K. T.

AND THEIR LADIES

THIS LITTLE RECORD OF A TOUR

From the Nutmeg State
To the Golden Gate

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

The Historian

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE TOUR OF THE ST. ELMO PARTY THROUGH THE NEW ENGLAND STATES, BRITISH PROVINCES, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, MISSOURI, KANSAS, COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA, CALIFORNIA, NEVADA, UTAH, WYOMING, NEBRASKA AND IOWA.

A JOURNEY OF NEARLY TEN THOUSAND MILES AND EVERY MILE A PLEASURE.

TOUR OF THE ST. ELMO'S.

✠

CHAPTER I.

On the morning of July 23, 1883, the palace excursion cars, "CITY OF WORCESTER" and "CHARLES B. PRATT," were stationed at the railroad depot, Meriden, Conn., where they were visited and admired during the day by great numbers.

These models of convenience and comfort were built by the Worcester Excursion Car Co.; are sumptuously furnished, and roll along with the least possible jolting. The large windows are double and supplied with screens of very fine wire. The weight of the two is equal to that of three Pullmans. Both are twelve-wheel coaches and considered either as sleeping or dining cars are unexcelled. They are convertible in a twinkling into the easiest,

cosiest drawing-rooms imaginable. Each has a kitchen with excellent range, and convenient pantry, while underneath are lockers and refrigerators. The smoking rooms, baggage rooms, wash rooms and state rooms are in keeping with the other elegant appointments. Each coach is accompanied by a capable cook, a porter and a waiter. In these two elegant palace cars the traveling party are certain of restful comfort while en route.

Sir Knight S. W. Cummings, general passenger agent of the Central Vermont railroad, located at St. Albans, Vt., and Mr. S. W. Manning, New England agent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad, located at Boston; laboring together in the interest of the party, procured the publication of a thirty-two page itinerary and guide-book. The work was admirably done by the American Bank Note Engraving Co. of New York, under the direction and supervision of these capable and accommodating friends.

Here is given exact time of arrival at and departure from every point in the trip.

The chief points of interest and the various attractions are also described, the whole printed on heavy toned paper, each page emblazoned with Knight Templar emblems and the covers illuminated with an original design bearing the name of the commandery. Every member of the party is presented with a sufficient number for distribution. A synopsis of this elegant itinerary is also published.

The grand event of the 22d TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE of the Grand Encampment of the U. S. of 1883, at SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., calls for numbers of Knights Templar badges, cards, emblems, etc. The various preparations for this grand trip have been going on for three years.

Sir Knight E. C. Birdsey, Deputy Grand Commander of Connecticut, has been indefatigable in his labors during that time. His careful thought and earnest work have shaped the

arrangements. Sir Knight L. E. Coe, past Eminent Commander of St. Elmo, has also labored faithfully to make the occasion a success. Others have of course given to the enterprise thought and labor. The preparations are absolutely perfect. The eventful Monday, July 23d, sees the various tourists busily engaged in preliminaries. For half an hour before the arrival of the 3.57 train, the excursionists were kept busy bidding their scores of friends good-bye. All was bustle and merriment on board the coaches as an extra engine drew them down the track and they were attached. The train slowly moves away amid the waving of hands, hats and handkerchiefs from the coaches and from the hundreds on the platform, then, gradually increasing its speed, curves around the bend of the track and the Knights Templar and their ladies bid Meriden adieu, expecting to return when the leaves begin to fall.

The synopsis of itinerary is as follows:

SYNOPSIS OF ITINERARY.

PILGRIMAGE FROM MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT, TO SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,

TO THE

Twenty-Second Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment of the United States, August 21st, 1883.

In Excursion Hotel Cars "C. B. Pratt," and "City of Worcester."

Monday, July 23—Leave Meriden via Springfield, for Montreal, P. Q., at 3.57 P. M.

Tuesday, July 24—Carriage rides in Montreal and excursion through Lachine Rapids.

Wednesday, July 25—In Toronto, Ont., 11:30 A. M. till 3:35 P. M. Niagara Falls at 6:40 P. M.

Thursday, July 26—Niagara Falls. Leave at 1:00 P. M.

Friday, July 27—Arrive at Chicago, 8:00 A. M. Carriage rides. Leave at 12:35 P. M.

Saturday, July 28—Kansas City at 9:45 A. M., and leave for Denver, via Pueblo.

Sunday, July 29—Arrive at Denver and spend the day.

Monday, July 30—Excursion to mines of Central City and Black Hawk.

Tuesday, July 31—In Denver. Leave at 2:30 P. M. for Colorado Springs. Arrive at 6:00 P. M.

Wednesday, Aug. 1—Carriage ride to Manitou, Garden of the Gods, etc. Leave at 6:00 P. M.

Thursday, Aug. 2—Excursion from Pueblo through Grand Cañon. Leave Pueblo at 8:40 P. M.

Friday, Aug. 3—Arrive at Las Vegas Hot Springs, N. M., 3:05 P. M.

Saturday, Aug. 4—Leave Las Vegas Hot Springs at 12:05 P. M. Arrive at Santa Fé, N. M., at 6:50 P. M.

Sunday, Aug. 5—At Santa Fé.

TOUR OF THE ST. ELMO'S.

Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 6 and 7—En route through New Mexico and Arizona, arriving at Los Angeles, 4:45 P. M.

Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8 and 9—Carriage rides from Los Angeles to orange groves and vineyards. Leave Aug. 9, at 5:15 P. M.

Friday, Aug. 10—Arrive at Madera 6:43 A. M. Stage for the Yosemite. Arrive at Clark's 7:00 P. M.

Saturday, Aug. 11—Leave Clark's for Yosemite, arriving at noon.

Sunday, Aug. 12—In Yosemite.

Monday, Aug. 13—Leave Yosemite for Big Trees, and spend the night at Clark's.

Tuesday, Aug. 14—Leave Clark's 6:00 A. M., and arrive at Madera at 6:00 P.M.

Wednesday, Aug. 15—Leave Madera 6:43 A. M., and arrive at San Francisco at 2:40 P. M.

Thursday, Aug. 16, to Friday, Aug. 24—In San Francisco with headquarters at Baldwin Hotel. Excursions at the pleasure of the party to Monterey, Santa Cruz, the Geysers, Petrified Forest, etc.

Friday, Aug. 24—Leave San Francisco via Sacramento, 3:30 P. M.

Saturday, Aug. 25—En route through the Sierras and Nevada.

Sunday, Aug. 26—Spend the day at Salt Lake City.

Monday, Aug. 27—En route through Utah and Wyoming Ter.

Tuesday, Aug. 28—En route through the Rocky Mountains.

Wednesday, Aug. 29—En route through Nebraska, arriving at Omaha 3:35 P. M.

Thursday, Aug. 30—En route through Iowa and Illinois, arriving at Chicago, 2:15 P. M.

Friday, Aug. 31—En route through Michigan and Ontario.

Saturday, Sept. 1—En route from Montreal to Meriden, arriving home at 9:20 P. M.

LIST OF THE TOURISTS.

OFFICIAL LIST OF MEMBERS OF ST. ELMO TOURIST PARTY.

R. E. Sir H. WALES LINES, P. G. C.—*Executive Committee.*

V. E. Sir ELI C. BIRDSEY, D. G. C.—*Master of Transportation.*

E. Sir E. B. COWLES, E. C.—*Chairman Finance Committee.*

E. Sir WM. H. MILLER, P. E. C.—*Menu Committee.*

E. Sir E. J. DOOLITTLE, P. E. C.—*Chairman Executive Committee.*

E. Sir LEVI E. COE, P. E. C.—*Treasurer.*

Sir WILBUR F. DAVIS—*General Secretary.*

Sir CHARLES S. PERKINS, Rec.—*Finance Committee.*

Sir E. B. EVERITT, J. W.—*Historian.*

Sir JOHN W. COE—*Commissary.*

Sir REUBEN T. COOK—*Commissary.*

Sir N. F. GRISWOLD—*Menu Committee.*

Sir W. A. KELSEY—*Menu Committee.*

Sir A. B. MATHER—*Amusement Committee.*

Sir J. FRANK PRATT—*Quartermaster.*

Sir H. H. STRONG—*Commissary.*

Sir F. STEVENSON, Jr.—*Finance Committee.*

Sir GEO. S. TAYLOR—*Time Keeper.*

LADIES.

Mrs. ELI C. BIRDSEY,	Mrs. JOHN W. COE,
Mrs. E. B. COWLES,	Mrs. REUBEN T. COOK,
Mrs. E. J. DOOLITTLE,	Mrs. N. F. GRISWOLD,
Mrs. LEVI E. COE,	Mrs. W. A. KELSEY,
Mrs. WILBUR F. DAVIS,	Mrs. H. H. STRONG,
Mrs. E. B. EVERITT,	Mrs. F. STEVENSON, Jr.

Mrs. GEORGE S. TAYLOR.

The party as originally made up were all en route with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Davis, the sudden illness of their only child having detained them. The following quotation from a local editorial speaks of an elegant reception at Springfield, Mass.:

"Aside from the disappointment occasioned by the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, a feeling that will be increased to grief when the sad news of the death of little Stanley reaches them, the St. Elmo tourists had an exceedingly pleasant beginning to their journey. A party of Meriden friends accompained them as far as Springfield, where they were met by the Springfield Knights Templar who had tendered them a "bon voyage" banquet. About sixty Springfield people, Sir Knights and their wives, had gathered at the Massasoit house and an hour or so was delightfully spent in a social way in the parlors before the company adjourned to the dining room. The Springfield Sir Knights treated their guests right royally.

"BON VOYAGE" BANQUET.

The banquet was a very elaborate one, and a merrier party never sat down to a feast.

"Following is a list of the Springfield Sir Knights and their ladies:

O. K. MERRILL, E. C.
S. B. SPOONER, P. E. C.
E. P. CHAPIN, G. C. G., of Mass. and R. I.
A. F. BALL.
C. A. CALL, C. G.
A. C. HARVEY, Warder, and lady.
C. J. SANDERSON, Rec., and sister.
J. H. ROGERS, S. W. B., and wife.
G. W. BOWKER.
H. M. PHILLIPS, Mayor of Springfield.
F. E. CARPENTER.
E. P. KENDRICK, Pres't. Common Council of City.
C. C. SPELLMAN, P. E. C., and wife.
D. E. TAYLOR and wife.
A. B. WEST.
J. E. SHIPMAN, Prelate, and sister.
J. C. LUTZ and wife.
GEO. N. PARSONS, J. W., and wife.
T. T. DAVEE, Generalissimo, and wife.
N. W. FISK and wife.
H. C. LEE and wife.
G. F. ADAMS.
W. H. GILBERT.

"Sir Knight H. Wales Lines returns to Meriden, being detained by business and will overtake the party at Denver.

"The tourists left Springfield on the 8.15 train, via the Connecticut River road, for Montreal."

A series of letters from the historian of the party will tell the story of the journey. Quotations from the itinerary will also be used.

From Itinerary.

"Our journey during the night (over which we shall return by daylight) will be as follows: through the beautiful Connecticut Valley with its charming views of mountain scenery, and the historic points of interest along the banks of the Connecticut river; from Windsor over the OLD RELIABLE CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD, which was opened to Montpelier in 1849, and extended to St. Johns in 1862, there making connection for Montreal with the Grand Trunk Railway. The deep, fertile valleys, gently sloping uplands, verdant hillsides, cloud-capped summits of the Green Mountains, combine to furnish scenery unsurpassed in this country in peaceful beauty and grandeur.

Fresh surprises greet the traveler on every hand, until, at the end of a day's journey, one retraces his way over the mountains, through the valleys, over the rushing torrents, past the peaceful, prosperous farms, where contentment reigns supreme, along the fertile meadows, beside the loveliest of lakes, through prosperous villages and rocky gorges; and the mind is lost in wonder that the skill of man should have placed it in one's power to witness such magnificent panoramas with ease and comfort."

CHAPTER II.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, July 24.

Our first evening was pleasantly passed. With the generous entertainment of the Springfield Sir Knights as the natural topic of conversation, together with a discussion of the morrow's program, there was no particular dearth of speech. Everybody was merry and hopeful. Already we began to feel at home in our luxurious coaches, and passed from one to the other with the easy freedom and air of experienced travelers. Somebody started mathematical puzzles, then a number of preposterous conundrums were given out, a few had confidence enough in the good nature of the party to perpetrate a lot of bad puns, some displayed genuine wit in repartee, one or two ventured to sing, and everybody laughed at the slightest provocation. It was a happy party, congenial and thoroughly friendly. The begin-

ning of our journey was delightfully auspicious.

The ladies were given the exclusive use of their car at a fairly early hour and they claimed this morning that they all went to sleep with commendable promptitude. Of course, no one would doubt their entire veracity upon this subject, but their proud boasts came painfully close upon the heels of the complaints of the Sir Knights, who, it must be confessed, did not seek tired nature's sweet restorer until after midnight. A sleepless hour or so had passed when the mellifluous voice of the Judge broke the silence with "Say, they are switching us to the rear," and the bumping and thumping which followed proved the truth of his assertion. So at the end of the long train we were whirled away through the darkness toward the St. Lawrence. It is known that three or four Sir Knights did sleep—the evidence was too sonorously conclusive to be disputed. That genial railroad man, Mr. Man-

ning, remarked reassuringly, "They won't snore so after they get used to it." It is to be sincerely hoped that Mr. Manning is a genuine prophet.

A cruel report is also current that there was snoring in the ladies' car. "Keep it dark."

Just before 5 o'clock this morning the porter entered the car. "Wish you a merry Christmas," was the greeting of a sleepy Sir Knight. In a few minutes there was a scramble for the wash room, and our first day's life upon the rail was begun.

Good Deacon Taylor, of Chicopee, became the center of an admiring group as he flourished a spiral looking instrument which some of the spectators called a corkscrew. What was he going to do with it, we wondered. Our curiosity was soon agreeably satisfied, for the little twisted piece of steel proved the open sesame, in the hands of the expert deacon, to a bottle of "Chicopee cider," an effervescing, sparkling, invigorating fluid,—so some of them

who tasted it said. The deacon is a great addition to the party; we can hardly be lonesome while he's around.

The scenery on every side is very attractive, a narrow valley shut in by peculiar hills; in changing view a beautiful river with the romantic name "Winooski," successions of sharp rolls, rugged rocks, small cultivated fields, here and there a neat house, deep gorges, shady ravines, inviting little nooks, and over and amid all, the light curling mist assuming weird fantastic shapes pierced by the level shafts of the rising sun. Freshness, attractiveness and loveliness everywhere. Approaching St. Albans the view widens occasionally; a far-reaching stretch; then beautiful Magnam bay flashes back the glory of the rising sun. About St. Albans the country is somewhat flat. We skirt the shore of Lake Champlain and can only be induced to turn from the charms without by the counter-charms of a tip-top breakfast, evolved by some species of magic from

the inner-consciousness of the tiny quarters where the cooks reign supreme. Such cooks! Our tables were up to the mark of first-class hotel-fare. The early day is beautiful. Ample justice is done and a lately hungry party disperses for diversion pleased and satisfied. These cars of the Worcester Excursion Car Company prove to be perfect in all their appointments. What frolics we enjoyed! A Sir Knight is seated at the piano. Songs, choruses and impromptu rounds with a grand jig executed by Sir Knight John Coe (he is a high stepper), bring out peals of merry laughter. We glance betimes at finely cultivated farms, the busy haymakers—the clustering happy faces at the homes we swiftly pass. The view is cut off now and then by seemingly interminable trains of freight cars. Still the landscape widens, shut in by the distant mountain tops. We are blessed with delightfully cool weather this morning. Let us hope it is as cool at home as we find it here in Canada.

MONTREAL.

We reach Montreal, with its narrow, tortuous streets and wide, shady avenues, substantial and slow-going, with costly buildings and queer old rookeries. We visit Mount Royal, from which the city takes its name and look on the grand panorama, famous as it is rare.

From the Itinerary.

"Upon the approach to Montreal the train passes through the tube of the famous Victoria Bridge. This great structure is one and a quarter miles in length, or, with its approaches, nearly one and three-quarter miles, and cost nearly seven millions of dollars. The tube for the railway is sixty feet above the summer level of the St. Lawrence River, and rests on twenty-four piers, which are placed two hundred and forty-two feet apart, except in the centre, where the span is three hundred and thirty feet. The view of the Canadian metropolis is very fine, the city occupying the beautiful slopes of Mount Royal. Among the prominent objects seen are the twin towers of

Notre Dame, the dome of the Bonsecours Market, Christ Church Cathedral, the unfinished St. Peter's Cathedral, McGill College, and several mammoth Catholic hospitals and educational institutions, including the Grey Nunnery, or L'Hôpital Général de les Sœures Grises. After leaving Montreal the railway skirts the north bank of the River St. Lawrence for a long distance, affording many glimpses of the great stream, with its rapids and beautiful islands. St. Anne, Cornwall, Prescott, Brockville, Kingston and Cobourg are passed through before Toronto is reached."

CHAPTER III.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, July 25.

We were en route for Lachine at 5 P. M., embarking on the staunch steamer "Prince of Wales" for a pleasant sail down the St. Lawrence. "Shooting the rapids" is to a timid person quite an exciting trip. The broad surface boiling and seething from shore to distant shore, the slope of the river, the downward pitch of the prow, the sudden drop of the deck, the huge waves white with foam meeting the plunging craft again and again, the skill with which the men at the wheel turn her hither and thither, bringing the delighted passengers safely into the smoother waters below, combine to give zest and peculiar charm to running the rapids. We were accompanied by Sir Knight S. W. Cummings, general passenger agent of the Central Vermont, and S. W. Manning, New England agent of the

pleasant sail. They have done
power to make the pilgrimage o
success. Both have repeatedly vis
To their labors we owe our eleg
published and presented with the
of the roads over which we pass
ning sent checks for our baggage
Meriden in person to start with
companies us as far as Pueblo, Co
appreciate his wise suggestions
services every day. To these tv
gentlemen we owe a debt of gr
can safely recommend to their ha
may contemplate a visit to the Gc

The evening brought a favor fr
road. We were given a special

the above mentioned gentlemen and other friends. Among our visitors we were glad to meet Miss Alice Porter, of Meriden.

During the night each luxurious couch was occupied by a thoroughly sound sleeper. "The seven sleepers of Ephesus" were nowhere. By the way, our couches are 12 inches wider than the berths of an ordinary sleeping car. The morning of the 25th dawned cool and lovely. We were speeding through a farming region, so fine as to elicit expressions of surprise. On our left we soon descried the bright blue Ontario. The morning sunlight on its unruffled waters draws out long lines of varying shades, like unrolled ribbons. Here a narrow band of deep, dark blue and by its side a line of glimmering pearly white. A short stop at Cobourg calls up pleasant words concerning Sir Knight H. Wales Lines. He will appreciate the allusion. The view of New Castle as seen from the windows on our right is charming. The ladies having joked the Sir Knights on the

subject of cigars, have procured a supply of chewing gum. The result no one can foresee.

I have just heard a laughable incident connected with our ride to Mount Royal. Sir Knight John Coe mounted the driver's seat and as soon as the coachman had closed the door drove off at full speed. He kept the poor fellow to his best trotting time for quite a distance amid the cheers and jeers of the hackmen and others, who appreciated the situation.

To our genial traveling companion, who is a general favorite, we are again indebted. Mr. Manning has just furnished us carriages for a ride about Toronto. It is a beautiful city with noticeable quaint features. Its streets, finely laid out, generally at right angles, are broad and shaded. Plank sidewalks are universal and plank curbs general. College street, 200 feet wide, long and straight, with lawns in the center and on each side, thick with fine trees and beds of flowers, leads to Queen's Park, which is large, pleasant and quaint. Horticul-

tural garden with its splendid buildings is beautiful. Well kept grounds abound, and one is delighted at every turn. The educational institution is noticeable for its extensive, fine and elegant grounds. Here are seventy-eight churches and many very fine public buildings. The churches are in the main exceptionally elegant and large. Several railroads center here. There is also a spacious bay and well-sheltered harbor. The site of the town was selected in 1794 by Governor Simcoe and called York until 1834, at which time it became incorporated. It was the capital of Upper Canada till 1841. It was the site of the united government alternately with Quebec, from 1849 to 1858, and has been a capital of Ontario since 1867.

In roaming about, Sir Knight Cook was pointed out as Webb, the swimmer. The news of the death of Captain Webb does not seem to have been received yet. Among the favors extended let me here mention a telegram from

... inviting St. Elm
ception and banquet at the ha
Commandery. This day also
telegram from St. Elmo (
Paola, Kan., to attend a recept
fast with them at Kansas City.
of Paola travel 43 miles to Ka
tend this knightly courtesy.
their name in our honor, and i
preciation; our commandery
from Paola notification of thi
sometime since presented and
elegant "libation set." The p
with great pleasure the complin

Between Toronto and Hamilt
John Coe was presented with a te
appropriate speech-making. Th
has searched in vain for a Dud

PLEASANT TRAVELING.

At Toronto we were favored with a visit from Mr. John M. Blackburn, superintendent of the manufactory of the Meriden Silver Plate Company at this place, who lately removed here from Meriden. It is worthy of note that we have not suffered from heat and have no dust. Our windows are fitted with closely woven screens of very fine wire, but to-day these are out, as the fresh green grass close to the track prevents all trouble. There is abundant evidence of plentiful rains.

CHAPTER IV.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, July 26.

Our hotels are stationed for the night at the Canadian entrance of the supension bridge, where the air is tremulous with the ceaseless thunder of grand Niagara. We are met here by Mr. Wm. E. Hoyt, general passenger agent of the Chicago and Alton railroad, whom his friend Mr. Manning introduced to each member of the party. He has made ample arrangements for our comfort over his road. Our party scatters; some go over to the American side and some visit the Clifton house on the Canadian side. The glory of the falls and the rapids dawns on each, and on some for the first time. We retire "in good order" with promise of an early breakfast. After experiencing the sleep of the just, the first surprise of the day is the presentation of a fine cane to Sir Knight E. C. Birdsey. It was the gift of

Mr. Hoyt of the Chicago and Alton. Our breakfast comes on time, as usual. By the way, I must repeat: our meals are superb—the equal of those of the very best hotels. We sing the high praises of the Worcester Excursion Car company for furnishing us two such cooks. Our three quatermasters, Sir Knights Coe, Cook and Strong, have supplied carefully selected material and these splendid cooks know exactly what to do with it. We find the carriage riding and sight-seeing keep all hands employed until the hour for the rendezvous at our "home."

How well the Iroquois named the world's wonder—"Niagara"—(Thunder of waters). No language can describe it. Two millions of tons hurled each minute down the fearful chasm. Every time one sees it the everlasting impression of the sublime deepens. Two suspension bridges span the boiling flood below the falls, and a third is well under way. We visit the terrible whirlpool where the daring

Webb went down yesterday. From thence to the Burning Spring, at the head of the upper rapids, all is awfully grand. The illuminated fountains at evening in Prospect park are very beautiful. Our return to Hamilton, Ont., brings our record of miles up to 834. We find our friend John E. Parker, formerly of Meriden, at present superintendent of the Meriden Britannia company's extensive branch factories located here. Stephen M. Russell and Charles C. Foot, formerly of Meriden, also came to meet us at the depot. It is a great pleasure thus to meet old friends. En route again, speeding through the provinces towards Michigan, the party beguiles the time with games and conundrums; some of the latter were original and occasioned much mirth. We are passing through a country at once presenting indications of newness and age. We find at London, Ont., more railroad cars than any of us ever saw at once. We meet wonderfully long trains of cattle. The weather is still cool

FORT EDWARD FERRY.

and dust is not troubling us. The presentation of an engraved napkin ring this afternoon called out peals of laughter. Our cars are so large that the entire party can easily be accommodated in either. We are notified when there's fun ahead. The engraving upon this ring was done on the train. It is unique. This is decidedly a happy party, enjoying each passing hour. At last we reach Sarnia, on the river St. Clair. At Fort Edward our train is run out to an immense ferry boat. Seventy-two cars crossed in less than one hour. One hundred and eight cars can be ferried over per hour, each hour in the day. Just as we start across we are favored with a visit from W. H. Pettibone, general superintendent of Chicago and Grand Trunk railroad, accompained by R. Luttrell, superintendent at this point. The general superintendent came up from Chicago to meet us. We are promised every attention. Mr. Luttrell invited the entire party to ascend to the upper deck and directed attention to the

chief points of interest "as we sailed." He has also referred to our Itinerary, and offers on our return trip a fishing expedition. He will furnish us with fine boats and all necessary tackle.

At last having bidden the cross of St. George adieu we salute the beautiful stars and stripes. What loads of fun. We celebrate the occasion with games which make the roof ring. If hearty laughter promotes digestion, then good-bye dyspepsia.

One half the entire width of the car being cleared we organize a grand ball, our useful companion Mr. Manning as prompter. There is no lack of exercise. We have room for eight couples and spectators. Among the musical instruments, quite an attraction is a tin pan and a shoe played with rare skill by His Honor Sir Knight Doolittle. Sir Knight Perkins also shows remarkable proficiency in his great skillet and knuckles act. We propose to organize a minstrel troup, San Francisco minstrels, jr.

The announcement is made that the ladies' car is ready, and bidding them adieu we proceeded to open court. Case follows case, and when Sir Knight Judge Coe comes in as an interested party, his honor the mayor occupies the wool-sack and dispenses "justice." The decisions of this court ought to go on record. There seems to be considerable chance-ry about it. Business is rushed and the docket cleared before turning in for the night.

We are on a special train again with general superintendent Pettibone. St. Elmo is whirled in advance of the regular, over the level line, a mile a minute. Great spikes, what a spin! The speed is exciting. We can't sleep much, but most of us are a little ahead on sleep.

The morning of the 27th shows us the eastern sky glowing as if it were the concave of a huge pearly shell. The air is delicious and we make ready for Chicago.

The country is mainly a vast plain, the houses generally small. As we near Chicago we

note the strange custom of planting a single row of trees around a small plot, enclosing a house and barn. These are mainly poplars and look lonesome in the hundreds of shrubless acres. Other trees grow finely. The dark rich foliage is proof that the entire region might be made a veritable garden of Eden. Near the city, cabbage patches are seen by the square mile. There's a pretty shepherdess leaning on her mop. But I must stop, for here is Chicago.

Our route has crossed the state of Michigan and the upper portion of Indiana.

CHAPTER V.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, July 27.

At Chicago we are met by Mr. James Charlton, general passenger and ticket agent of the Chicago and Alton railroad, and Mr. John M. Oates, general traveling agent of the same road, both residents of Chicago. These gentlemen will accompany our party over their railroad to Kansas City. They had set aside one of their luxurious dining palace cars and invited the knights and their ladies to a sumptuous repast. They have also put into our lockers a fine present for the party. We are off during a shower which settles the dust question effectually.

In crossing the state of Illinois we pass through Braidwood, where the Diamond mine disaster occurred recently. It remains to-day as at the close of the ineffectual attempts to find the bodies of the miners. The road over

which we pass has a branch of 100 miles running through the coal district. The Chicago and Alton passes through an attractive region. There is more of variety in the landscape. We pass through fields of corn sometimes extending as far as the eye can reach in either direction from the track. Trees of various kinds abound and the land is productive. East from Chicago there are no towns within forty miles on any of the railroad lines. One line runs fifty-seven miles before reaching a town. The land is not only flat but inclined to be marshy. West from Chicago one strikes towns at once. The management of the Chicago and Alton is in striking contrast with that of many roads. The regular train to which our cars are attached consists of an elegant smoking car, one day-coach, two reclining-chair cars, one Pullman sleeper and one dining-car. The reclining-chair cars are worthy of note. There is room for forty-four passengers. The chairs can be easily set at any desired angle.

For reclining, the top of the back comes forward, forming an easy pillow for the head. Having reclined, I am able to state that they are the easiest car seats in the world. For these this company makes to passengers no extra charge—think of that! In each car is also a smoking room, and a cosy wash room with every convenience. The coupling is double and absolutely proof against telescoping. In the delightful reclining chair cars of the Chicago and Alton one can travel to Kansas City with less of weariness than an ordinary car would cause in one-fourth the distance. The dining car is the prettiest and most complete I ever saw. The railroad managers here know how to do things.

Near Bloomington the country becomes a little rolling. Hedges of Osage orange are seen, adding materially to the attractiveness of the landscape, which is not only diversified but bright flowers are blooming along the track. The town of Normal is very pretty,

and is the seat of the Normal schools and of the State University. It might be a beautiful town were it not for the very apparent lack of public spirit. The cars of the Chicago and Alton railroads are all built by the railroad company and the manufactories located at Bloomington are remarkable for solidity. The immensity of the company's works may be judged by the fact that their pay-roll here is over $100,000 a month. The officers of the Chicago and Alton at Bloomington, placed on our car two large crates of fruit for the party. Our ladies say that the people think a good deal of Connecticut. Six large and beautiful bouquets are also brought on board to adorn our tables. Their fragrance fills the air. Later the gentleman waiters from the Chicago and Alton dining car pin a button-hole bouquet to the coat of each Sir Knight and present one to each lady just before we are called to our evening repast. At Bloomington, in boring for coal, at the depth of two hundred feet, an un-

derground river was struck. A stand pipe and pumping apparatus was erected and pipes to distribute water. It is of excellent quality and ample in quantity. At Greenville we discover a huge hill of refuse from the coal mines on fire; a case of spontaneous combustion.

From Itinerary.

"The Chicago and Alton railroad is the short line between Chicago and Kansas City, and is equipped with the finest cars in the world. Leaving Chicago the road traverses some of the most prosperous parts of Illinois and Missouri, passing through the following cities: Joliet, Bloomington and Jacksonville in Illinois; Louisiana, Mexico, Glasgow and Marshall in Missouri. The Mississippi River is crossed at Louisiana, and the Missouri River at Glasgow, Mo., by magnificent iron bridges.

"Kansas City is a large and busy city of about 65,000 inhabitants, on the Missouri side of the line, and one of the most important railroad centers in America. Some of its great

business enterprises, like the great trans-continental railway line which stretches westward, owe their existence largely to Boston capital. While riding through Kansas the traveler finds that many familiar New England names have been bestowed upon towns by the way, one of the earliest of which is Lawrence, so called in honor of Amos Lawrence, of Boston. Topeka, the capital of Kansas, is 66 miles west of Kansas City."

"The main line of the A., T. & S. F. R. R. extends a distance of no less than 486 miles within the borders of this great State. The surface of the State embraces in alternation broad, level valleys and high, rolling prairies, with a gradual rise towards the Rocky Mountains. The eastern section is well settled and is devoted largely to wheat and corn. The western section, with the neighboring parts of Colorado and Nebraska, is given up chiefly to cattle grazing. Dodge City, 369 miles west of Kansas City, is the chief center of the cattle

business. The route in passing out of Kansas enters Colorado, which it traverses for a considerable distance. The Rocky Mountains here come into view."

CHAPTER VI.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, July 28.

We crossed the Illinois river in the early hours of the night, and about midnight were passing over the wonderful bridge spanning the broad Mississippi. Several of the Sir Knights stood in the doors of the cars to look upon the mighty "Father of waters." The morning sun smiles on the hills and dales of Missouri. The cars free from dust, the morning cool and delicious, and the sweet sleep of the night prepares us for the heat which the noon-hour may perhaps have in store. We speed along the iron road towards Kansas City. Glendale is passed, where a short stop enables us to look upon the water tank showing the bullet marks of the Jesse James fight. Here the train was in the clutches of the gang. All seem to enjoy the immunity which Jesse James' retirement from business affords.

At Independence a committee from St. Elmo Commandery No. 22, of Paola, Kan., came on board. Introductions are in order, and on reaching Kansas City we meet the delegation sent to this point: Sir D. M. Ferguson, E. C., Sir J. F. Donahue, Gen. Sir H. C. Jones, C. G., Sir John Wherrell, Prel., Sir J. B. Jobson, S. W., Sir J. S. Beason, J. W., Judge Sir W. R. Wagstaff, Sir A. K. Sellers, Sir J. W. Rumby, and Sir J. L. Pettyjohn. With these fraters is Hon. Sir Knight Plumb, United States Senator from Kansas, and a warm friend of Hon. Sir Knight the Senator, O. H. Platt, of our own city. A telegram reaches us here from E. Sir Knight H. Wales Lines congratulating the two St. Elmo commanderies on this meeting. We are escorted to a breakfast in the immense building which is the depot for seventeen great lines. Then the Sir Knights and their ladies repair at once to our cars, accompained by Sir C. H. Wood, general agent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé,

and Sir H. E. Moss, passenger and land agent. The speeches are short, but the feeling is deep and the friendships here cemented strong. The St. Elmos of Paola, Kansas, came forty-three miles yesterday to meet us at the threshold of their state. They are named after us and the two commandries feel the deepest interest each in the other's welfare. Good-byes are said, one Paola Sir Knight puts it thus in Missouri parlance :

" It's hard for you'uns and we'uns to part,
When you'uns know that you'uns have got we'unses' heart."

Senator Plumb accompanies us on our trip, and Sir Knight William H. Decker, of Las Vegas commandery, also comes among us at this point. We are met here by Sir Knight Max Frost, eminent commander of Santa Fé commandery, who is chairman of a committee to extend to us the hospitalities of his commandery. This Sir Knight also becomes a member of our party. He is Register of the United States land office. It is a pleasant

party swiftly skirting the shore of the Kaw and tearing away towards the wonderful corn-fields of eastern Kansas, corn so high as to hide a mounted horseman and fields too extensive to limit by the sweep of the eye. The town of Meriden is on the line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad, not far from Kansas City.

Kansas City is on the south side of the Missouri river. After leaving this city, we cross the line into the great state of Kansas. We are peculiarly fortunate in the selection of the route. The Kansas City people declare unhesitatingly the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad is decidedly the best of the seventeen lines which radiate from this center; steel rails throughout its length, 2289 miles, stone ballasting, best cars, best hotels on the route, which by the way are all owned by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, best eating-houses, and Manning says the best looking set of men in the world. Judging by the specimens seen,

including our friend Manning, the facts bear out the assertion. "He is just as good as he looks, too." "So say we all of us—so say we all." We admire the new depot at Lawrence, the historic city. How fertile the soil is! Sir Knight Mather says he has seen corn enough to feed the world. It is a delightful land, low hills heavily timbered, level fields which are gigantic gardens, and fruit trees in their lusty youth surprising their owners by the size of their productions. We watch a diminutive ferry taking its precious load over the muddy waters of the Kaw (or Kansas) river; a broad scow, on board a vehicle with its single horse, the mother calmly seated, carefully shielding her darling from the rays of the sun (a future statesman, perhaps president, they all come from the West), standing at the fore, evidently ready to do and to dare, two little folks cuddled together near the wheel, and the strong man with brawny bare arms wielding a pole longer than the spire of the Corner church.

Now we sweep by fields again with corn to the right of us, corn to the left of us. "Pretty tall corn."

At Topeka, Mr. Manning points out the extensive works of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad. Topeka, 1,000 feet above sea level, has a population of 20,000, half of them said to be good looking women. All the state offices are located here, with fine public buildings. We have lost the trees; the heavily wooded hills we saw further east are not to be found. It is a treeless country except so far as a few are planted here and there. Near Osage City we come upon the coal regions. In this section it is found near the surface and is a dull looking, soft, smoky fuel. This sort of country must make a man long sighted, yet it is beautifully rolling, and corn and then more corn. Lon Jeffery says the sight of this goodly land elicited from good brother Joseph Morse the words "The Sheen of Queba." We are shown by Senator Plumb

the farm of his brother, 2,000 acres, lying on both sides of the track. At long intervals some railroad conductor steps in. We note they each remove the hat. Some one remarks, "What a contrast! Here they take off the hat; at home they come in with a club."

Emporia, with its four railroads, its beautiful wide streets and its substantial buildings, is a lively town. It possesses for us a peculiar interest, being the home of Senator Plumb, who has chatted so pleasantly while riding sixty miles in our car. He kindly points out his fine residence at our request, and shaking hands all round bids us God-speed and good-bye.

We do not see any lonesome hay stacks. They are placed in families, immense stacks, frequently thatched, bunched together, looking in the distance like a cluster of great brown tents.

Beyond Emporia the prairies widen away interminably. Stony City presents a lively

sight. Its stock yards are full of colts; hundreds of them. On the fences are long rows of chaps, and others standing picturesquely around, bent on trade. The cars of the St. Elmo's become immediately the great attraction and all necks are stretched and twisted to get a sight. Just beyond, the prairie-plows are turning up the furrows black as muck.

The regular excursion ticket furnished by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, is a "thing of beauty." It is in book form bound at the end and illuminated with Knight Templar emblems in gold; on the covers an original design in brilliant colors giving a view of the Golden Gate with the legend, "An ocean sounding welcome to the Knights." The loading of a wagon by machinery in a grain field now attracts attention. We see broad wheat fields, also large herds of cattle. One of the ladies quotes, "A thousand cattle on a hill." Prairie chickens put in an appearance. Near the streams a few plover and a few long-

legged blue heron have been seen. Windmills are everywhere. Gangs of plow boys seated on the wheeled plows drawn by three horses, make things lively where the "tickled soil" will shortly laugh with harvest burden. Think of straight furrows more than a mile in length. We have passed Florence, at which point the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé enters "the happy hunting grounds." We are told that prairie chickens and quail are abundant in the fields, and the streams and small lakes abound in duck and geese. "Twenty minutes for refreshments," the well known cry! We are at Newton, a lively town of 5,000 inhabitants. Our friend Manning had telegraphed ahead and invited the entire party to dine. The dining room is one of many owned by this tip-top company and is as nicely fitted up as the dinner is complete. So our cooks and waiters are given a respite while the favor accorded the party is enjoyed. The terrible heat prophesied for this day's ride has not cost us any

appreciable discomfort. This little town has its commandery, Newton, No. 9; eighty members! A delegation appears and welcomes us. We exchange hasty greetings and speed away toward the Golden Gate. Beyond Newton the level reaches are astonishers. We can see twenty miles away, the surface like a floor, presenting the various lines of immense tracts of different crops, all fertile as a garden. Near Newton we pass the first emigrant wagon, suggestive of the olden time.

Hutchinson, the county seat, has a remarkably wide street, which presents a fine appearance. We notice door yard fences, which are quite an innovation. Why are not all the streets laid out wide? Surely there's room enough. At Nickerson we strike the Arkansas river. The repair shops of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé employ a large number of men. It is a full grown town just five years old last September. Here is a very large round-house strongly built of stone. A telegram from Mr.

W. F. White, general passenger and ticket agent, to Mr. Manning, acquaints us with the pleasing fact that Mr. Charles T. Parsons has received telegraphic instruction to accompany the party on our return from Denver to Peublo and Santa Fé or Deming. We ride beside the Arkansas river for a distance of 700 miles into Colorado.

The ladies are enjoying the long journey with the keenest relish. No one is weary and all are delighted with the "solid comfort" this mode of traveling affords.

CHAPTER VII.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, July 29.

The gray dawn discloses level plains, with here and there on the right a silvery suggestion of the flowing Arkansas. Just as the glowing disk pours floods of golden glory over all, we note the slackening speed, and lo, La Junta.

The little place is very pretty. Two tiny lawns between the track and the neatly painted depot, give the impression of oases really refreshing. Several of the buildings near are the property of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, and are neat and pretty. Here they have also built a large stone round-house. Just beyond the station we are given hints of coming changes. A perpendicular bank is passed, and further on an infant cañon has been suddenly stopped in the midst of its gyratory convolutions. We are informed that

these sand dunes and plains need only irrigation.

Between La Junta and Pueblo the principal productions seem to be sage brush, cactus, jack-rabbits and prairie dogs. Judge of our surprise on learning that here is excellent grazing ground. In fact, on many ranches there are large herds. One can hardly believe the fine condition of the cattle and horses is due to the quality of the "feed." Our breakfast is served and at an early hour we reach Pueblo. This city must be seen to be appreciated. We shall return to it. At this point we are met by Sir Knight J. B. Kilbourn and wife, who present our ladies with two magnificent bouquets. Sir Knight Kilbourn was formerly resident at Middletown, Conn., and is a personal friend of many of our party. He was at one time Grand Generalissimo of Connecticut. With him also came an eminent Sir Knight, Colonel M. H. Fitch, Grand Commander of Colorado. He is president of the

Stock Growers' National Bank; also Sir Knight J. W. Stanton, Past Grand Commander, a congressman and a personal friend of Sir Knight H. Wales Lines. He is postmaster at Pueblo; also Sir Knight H. N. Banks, E. C., of Pueblo commandery. Sir Knight J. B. Kilbourn and wife join us for a few days, and we are notified of a reception awaiting us on our return.

Our ride during the night was a restful one, the line being level, straight and smooth. One Sir Knight said this morning, "The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé is the best railroad I have ever seen." I believe it. We leave for Denver over the Denver and Rio Grande, known as "the Scenic Route." What these words mean, only those know who have looked upon these scenes. Pike's Peak lifts its snow-clad summit through the blue mists and we begin to realize that we are far from home. This mountain is 14,216 feet above the sea-level—almost three miles in an upright line.

Pueblo is 4,713 feet in altitude and the grade is up until we reach the "Divide," at which point we are more than a thousand feet higher than the top of Mount Washington. I have spoken of the rich, nutritious quality of the grass. Sir Knight Kilbourn states that one hundred weight of it is equal to three of eastern grass. Sir Knight John W. Coe casually remarks that "the cream is a thick coat before they have done milking."

The day is cool and the car windows are all open, yet no dust, owing to the recent rains. Colorado Springs is a lovely place, and is a temperance town. Not a drop of liquor is sold and none can be, the land being deeded conditionally in this regard. The Antler house is a very fine building and splendidly located. Here at the "Divide" is a fine artificial lake with a fountain playing in its center. It is the highest point. We have climbed 3,000 feet since leaving Pueblo, and the city of Denver is 2,000 feet lower. A stop of twenty minutes

enables us to wash our hands in this lofty little lake. A run of a single rod to reach the starting train makes one pant, for 7,200 feet is pretty well up for breath. The atmosphere is dry. We have on our way passed such queer little houses, some adobe, some board shanties, some log huts, all small, little queer houses from which the family step out into scenes of grandeur.

From Colorado Springs the scenery is undeniably fine. We cannot take our eyes from the new beauties disclosed at every turn. Now and then fantastic forms appear; huge masses, some near, some a score of miles away; strange, weird, castellated rocks. The air is marvelously transparent. In the blue of the far away haze, great chains of lofty mountain peaks are piled among the clouds. Steep escarpments, rugged cañons, mighty masses like castle walls, over and among which black shadows of fleeting clouds lose themselves in the blacker shades of beetling cliffs. A rain

storm sweeps down the mountain sides miles upon miles away. The nearer foot-hills are clad in their verdure while the foreground, brilliant with many-hued flowers, swarms with saucy little prairie dogs. Close to the track a mountain stream winds along with its margin of cotton-wood and pine. At last the wonderful gateway to the Garden of the Gods comes into view.

We reach Denver on time and take carriages for St. James hotel. Here we rest. Sunday in this wonderful city is a surprise to us. The places of business are all closed excepting the Jew stores. Liquor saloons are in full blast, yet the streets are quiet. The churches are all well filled. The evening service is enjoyed by the Sir Knights and their ladies. Denver is a marvel. A score of years and a wild, lonely spot, becomes a beautiful city of 70,000 inhabitants, with magnificent buildings. The railroad depot built of lava stone and light sandstone trimmings, extorted the admiration of

Vanderbilt. We find by experience that slight exertion here calls for rest, but one becomes readily accustomed to the elevation. On Monday some of the party will visit the Exposition buildings and all go sight-seeing. Senator Tabor, Sir Knight M. Splangler, sheriff of Denver, Sir C. H. Gunn, formerly of Danbury, Connecticut, Sir R. M. Wallace, General of South Carolina Commandery of Charleston, S. C., Sir D. Downing, vice-president of the Invincible Mining Company, Eminent Sir C. H. Sherman, Commander of Dunkirk Commandery, of Dunkirk, N. Y., Eminent Sir G. W. Bence, Eminent Commander of Greencastle, Ind., and very many other Sir Knights are met. The best trip of a single day is through the Clear Creek Cañon to Central City.

On Monday we start early via the narrow gauge railroad for Central City. Leaving Denver, itself "marvelous as a dream," in a special observation car kindly furnished us, we

are gratified on learning that we are to have the company of a Sir Knight who is thoroughly acquainted with the route. He is Past Grand Commander of Colorado—Sir Knight H. M. Orahood, an attorney of the Union Pacific and the law partner of Secretary of the Interior, Sir Knight H. M. Teller. He is Eminent Commander of Central City Commandery, No. 2. Our route crosses the Platte. We pass Argo and the famous smelting works of Senator Hill, the largest works of the kind in the world. The better class gold ores of Colorado, Montana and Idaho are shipped here and to Denver and Golden for smelting. We cross the moving Longmont train on a bridge over their track. Our course is the arc of an immense circle until we strike the rapid waters of Clear Creek. Up, up, towards Golden, with Long's and Pike's Peak in view. A pretty ranch now attracts attention. This is a Spanish word signifying a place for cattle. There are no farms here ; all are ranches.

We reach Golden. Distance, sixteen miles, altitude, 5,710, population, 3,300. Here is a very fine Court-house. A large and elegant building also is the State School of Mines. The State Reform School is fine and suggests our distant home. The photograph of the Grand Army is offered here for sale, and Sir Knight John Coe will take it on condition that he can have St. Elmo's. Judge of his countenance when gravely informed that the plate is broken in attempting the picture. Mr. Wooster, treasurer of Deep River Savings bank, of Connecticut, comes on the train to greet us. We are near the entrance to Clear Creek Cañon. The toy railroad sweeps round a curve between high rounded mountains and in a trice we find ourselves climbing a fearful grade, the railroad winding like a serpent on a drunk in a narrow gorge amid rugged crags a thousand feet in height. All is wild, yet delightful. We run right straight toward a perpendicular wall, and as we are about to strike,

the little locomotive pokes its nose to one side and we are whipped around a sharp curve, all on the up hill principle. We are beside a foaming stream which is also all the time "on a bender." How on earth did a railroad ever get lost in this narrow chasm?

At one of the stops on a siding where breathing room for the engine is found, some of our party jump off and go to prospecting. An old resident gleefully laughs and says with face all aglow: "It is worth a pile to see the wonder on every countenance in here." On and up we speed. Impossible curves and bends in impossible places! Every rod a totally different view! All grand, all wonderful. The rush of the plucky little engine mingles with the roar of the twisting cataract beside it. Narrow gorges at sharp angles come down everywhere. The mountains try to get over our heads, and make it out. If they should fall just ahead no harm could ensue for the train wouldn't be there. The track gets tangled

with the creek, and finally gets the better of it. We see the poor creek underneath. It will keep the other side of the train perhaps. We notice pretty falls, and just beyond an old ruined bridge leading to a tunnel. We pass dug-outs and queer huts, and as the squirming train threatens to "get even" with the engine we come across placer miners.

May, 1859, saw the first of that work in this part of the country. It would be interesting to watch it, but there's too much to see. There's the engineer close to us, looking ahead by twisting his neck to see both sides of the engine at once. Hanging Rock gets right over our heads. All along the sides we keep in view wild frightened looking pines, losing their lives in a vain attempt to maintain an existence. Here we pass a huge mass of rock supported by a bracing timber; it almost touches the passing car. The colors of these rocks are varied, but generally sombre. If aerial navigation permits, some future botanist

may add new beauties to his collection in this gorge. The walls close in, we strain our necks to look up and out. No room for so many in here, so the railroad struggles with the stream and at last both take up with the same bed. The retaining walls of the road are staunch and men are here everywhere watching it.

The mountain on one side recedes, leaving a small place in the heart of which stands a strange pillar of rugged stone. The train crawls up into new wonders. We shoot around a corner of a perpendicular rock; on the top, high in air, a lofty pine springs from its extreme edge. Here is a wider space with a miner's camp. The chasm widens with sloping sides. We take deep inspirations of the free air in the open space. Wonderful domes close in on one side; then suddenly the merciless walls surround us. A sharp turn leads out to lovely open spaces between receding mountain tops, seamed and gashed by countless chasms. At 6904 feet altitude a fork in the cañon sends one

tortuous railroad to Georgetown and another to Central City. A pretty depot nestles beneath the crags. Central City being a temperance town this station is said to be for lager, coal and water. The rain begins to sift down as we commence our winding way. We notice numerous holes burrowing in the sides of the mountain. A lovely girl seated near us who says she is from Pennsylvania, parts her ruby lips and imparts the information, "Them's mines."

Standing in the swift waters, three miners are washing out the gold. Here, as we ascend the rounded peaks, opens a wide expanse of sky. The sands are pitted, channeled and seamed for the precious particles. Chinese characters appear over the doors of the log huts. Our guide informs us that the Chinamen live well. Their pay is $45 per month. They "keep house," using rice, with quantities of fine meat and vegetables and always have confections brought from China. The wash-

ing for gold pays where not previously done. The grade is steep and the rocks again close in and almost touch us on either side. Tunnels abound, and also abandoned smelting works. The great establishments below can procure fuel while these cannot. We reach the end of placer mining; we pass the first quartz mill. The first smelting works were put up here by Senator Hill. Golden, at the mouth of the cañon, is the outgrowth of this small beginning. General Fitz John Porter built the second works. We reach Black Hawk. It is impossible to tell where this mining town ends and Central City begins, yet the railroad runs four miles to Central City. It is a very high point to reach. The train is sent out on a back switch like the letter V, then another V sends us up again till we can look straight down on the three tracks, the highest 300 feet above the lower. The four miles advances us only one. We are "up in the world" 8,300 feet, two thousand feet and more above

Mount Washington. The air up here does not seem to satisfy. One can get tired easily. However, when acclimated it is just as fit for hard work foundation. Up this "scarey" climb we were pushed. Sir Knight Orahood shows us his mountain home. Senator Hill and Secretary Teller also have homes here. We cross an iron bridge far above the houses; a lofty trestle lifts itself right over an extensively worked mine. The mountain sides literally honeycombed with mines and the railroad climbing recklessly, combine to produce a rare scene. "It's the greatest thing I ever thought of," says one Sir Knight.

We find carriages in waiting which Sir Knight Orahood has provided by telegraphing. At the Teller house we are introduced to Sir John Best and Sir E. S. Clinton. A capital dinner is provided, and we visit the banks to look at gold. One piece worth $2,700 is in sight. Some purchase specimens, and all are kindly shown the yellow treasures. We are

taken to the oldest mine, "The Bobtail," so called because its original productions wrapped in a bullock's hide were drawn to the smelting works by a bobtailed ox. We walk to the extreme end with Sir Knight Best, half a mile into the bowels of the earth and 1,200 feet under the surface. Rich specimens are gathered, and on our return Sir Knight Clinton takes us through a stamp mill running one hundred stamps. Then we are conducted to his own mill which he orders stopped and his workmen clear off the sand, remove the copper sheets covered with quicksilver and show us how the amalgam is collected, and how it is retorted till the gold is obtained ready for market.

Good-byes are said at last. Our walk having taken us down to the upper mouth of the cañon, we take the observation car again and into the narrow, tortuous cleft madly plunges the train, with a sense of absolute security on our part. In the fine drizzling rain the rugged walls reach above the clouds. The river by our

side is a series of tumbling rapids. Down the steep incline we glide, wheeling and twining at break-neck speed. This is the rainy season of Colorado, and an exciting episode is a cloud-burst in the mountain range at our right. A side cañon, which was dry on our upward trip sent down great volumes of black angry floods just as we reached the place. The track was flooded instantly and the debis floating everywhere on the swift waters, called a halt. Men went ahead feeling the track. We slowly passed, the road bed showing by its dropping in places that a wash-out would necessitate repairs, and the track was swept away just after we passed. Safely over, we turn back to note how the clear creek is dammed up and set back by the impetuous rush across it.

What a sight! The torrents plunge amid the rocks, throwing the dashing spray afar. How the waters pile up and leap down the wild gorge! We rush along in a mad, wild race and the engine seems to enjoy the sport.

We threaten to dash with the cataract against some beetling cliff and with the angry waters we swiftly turn to meet some new obstruction. All is indescribably grand. We "took that in" just in time. Finally the lofty battlements recede. High, sloping cloud-capped mountains environ us; then, underneath perpendicular walls and overhanging crags accompanied everywhere by the wild torrent, we curve along until at last the rounded mountains dwarf to hills on either side, and so we bid adieu to Clear Creek Cañon.

From Itinerary.

"The city of Denver lies at an altitude of 5197 feet, near the western border of the plains, within 12 miles of the Rocky Mountains, the Colorado or Front range of which may be seen for an extent of over 200 miles. The view of the snowy summits, with Pike's Peak in the southern part of the range and Long's Peak in the north, is indescribably grand. The "Queen City of the Plains" was born of the Pike's

Peak gold excitement in 1858–9. In 1860 it was a struggling camp, consisting principally of log cabins and tents. In 1870 it had a population of 4579; in 1880 of 35,719; and within the succeeding year over 600 buildings were erected, and the population increased to over 40,000. Its streets are regularly and handsomely laid out; its public and business edifices and its private residences are elegant and substantial; schools, churches and newspapers abound, and in short, Denver has every sign of thrift, enterprise, wealth and progress. The new Union Depot is one of the finest edifices for railway uses in America, and the magnifi cent new opera house, which cost $600,000, is another structure which will challenge admiration.

"The Garden of the Gods is a park-like tract enclosed by hills, and rising from its surface are fantastic rock-forms carved by the elements of ages. The approach is through a great gateway, the massive portals of red sandstone

rising to a height of 380 feet. The view of Pike's Peak as seen through this gigantic frame is very picturesque. Within, the rock-forms are scattered about singly and in groups, rising above the astonished visitor like grim spectres."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, August 1.

After forty miles of an exciting ride, much of it without steam, we find ourselves "at home" again. From Denver up 2,000 feet to the "Divide" two engines are required. From thence to Colorado Springs is down grade. At 5 o'clock we are placed on a side track, directly at the foot of Pike's Peak. The sky is clear and the sunset worth going a hundred miles to see. To realize the wondrous possibilities of sunset one should witness it here. The evening is devoted to a grand concert and ball in honor of the location. This morning is also fine, and the sunrise is beyond conception beautiful, as from the first golden gleam on the snowy peak the gorgeous change from dawn to day sweeps down the mountain side.

One Sir Knight this morning hires another

to black his shoes. After blacking one, the implements disappear and the day's fun is started. We finish a capital breakfast in time to fill the carriages for a delightful drive to Manitou and the Garden of the Gods. Among the Algonquins any object of religious reverence or dread is called "Manitou." Gitche Manitou (the Great Spirit) is the Supreme Being. The soda springs and iron springs were well known to the Indians for their rare medicinal qualities. No wonder they named this locality Manitou. It is a region of rare wonder and full of interest. A neat little city now clusters about the Springs, with fine hotels, a large bathing establishment, and a very pretty depot. The bubbling, sparkling soda water pours up a large volume and we find it palatable. On the road to Ute Pass the iron springs are fine.

Ute Pass which was a trail to Leadville during and after the building of that city, is cut along the steep face of an awful precipice with

a roaring stream at the foot. This place gives one a specimen of rugged grandeur. Gog and Magog lift up their heads from the two opposite sides. The narrow road with its sharp curves and short bends threatens to end by a sudden plunge down to the whirling waters. We saw the beautiful rainbows which gave to the falls its name and which furnish one of the attractions of the wild pass. After a fine dinner at the Manitou House we drive through Williams' cañon, a fearful spot. The gorge is so narrow that at times it is easy to touch the sides from the wagon seat. It is a long crooked cañon between queer lofty walls. You can imagine how pleasant it is when I tell you that right here where our horses draw us between imprisoning rocks, a sudden cloud-burst last summer sent down fifteen feet of rushing water, which little feat took only one minute.

Our party climb the steep side by a sloping, zig-zag, thread-like path until a dizzy height is reached; then up a steep flight of 134 stairs

to the entrarnce of the celebrated cave of the winds where guides conduct us half a mile into the mountain. The cave being recently discovered, its beauties are substantially intact. Here are rare stalactite formations not to be found elsewhere. Coral, alabaster, and the most wonderful cascade and fern-like formations abound. In this comparatively new cave a fine room was named by one of the proprietors who accompained us, "St. Elmos' Rest," by which name it will be known hereafter. The cave is dry and can easily be explored. Descending the mountain, we rode through the wonderful "Garden of the Gods." We failed to find any garden but the gods were all in. The remarkable features of this wonderful spot are too well known to require description at my hand. Weird shapes, wild forms, fantastic beyond any conception. Here a rock as large as a house balanced on a mere point; there a sphynx, a buffalo, a lion or some other strange shape.

Glen Eyrie, further up the valley, is the residence of General Palmer, and is romantic in the extreme. A ride about his extensive grounds reveals wonderful and impossible rocks surrounding the residence, in the heart of the grandest scenery imaginable. We drive up to the table lands of the foot-hills, and on a plain high above the surrounding country we follow for miles an old Indian race-course, straight as an arrow and level as the sea. The rare wonders, the beauties, the glories of this day transcend all powers of language to describe. Reaching our "home on wheels," we take the train for Pueblo.

While at the Manitou House we were all surprised by the familiar face of Sir Knight Captain Patrick Garvey. We also meet at Colorado Springs our good friend and companion Sir Knight H. Wales Lines whom we gladly greet, and from whom we receive the latest news from home. To-night we sleep en route. Last night we tarried here, and while

the Sir Knights locked every window and in cautious tones discussed cow boys and train robbers, the ladies left their car windows open and faced the situation as bold as lions. During our trip to Pueblo, Sir Knight Lines brings into our car his friend Sir Knight Rose, of Rondout Commandry, of Rondout, N. Y., at present residing at Rock Island, Ill.

Our porters transform the saloon into a sleeper and we came to a halt at Pueblo for the night and a sound sleep. In the early morning of the 2d we were visited by Charles B. Kirtland and wife, who are living here. It seems strange to meet Meriden faces in such a region as this. Sir Knight Stanton, postmaster at Pueblo, goes with us to-day. We are provided with a special train, narrow gauge, and are off for the Grand Cañon. The day is bright and beautiful, and with our usual good fortune, recent rains constantly preceding us have laid all the dust. We approach a strange country. The rounded foot-hills are very high

and all along their summits are lofty fortifications and ruined walls with strong castles and towers, all on a scale of unparalleled magnificence.

A halt of a few minutes and we see on the ground fossil shells which we must get out and sample for our Scientific association at home.

We pass great cattle ranches; are whirled over arrayos where only yesterday were swollen streams; and so approach the narrow walls ahead. The bottom lands are absolutely level. The changing forms on either hand are grand and present views of varying beauty, each moment new and picturesque. Along the banks of the Arkansas we pass through fields of wild sunflowers bright with their golden crowns; beautiful groves of cottonwood, hemmed in by lofty perpendicular walls; long irrigated fields of growing corn, or wheat; and then a wild tangle of reeds, flags and brilliant flowers. The swift waters of the river would afford facilities for baths, provided

one could find a place in which to wash on coming out.

We pass a long train of ordinary slatted cattle cars laden with silver bullion and precious ores. The short, sharp screams of the little locomotive give notice to the road-men that this one is a "Wild" train. A lady on the look-out speaks: "quick, see," and all hands quickly look. An engine and two cars lie in a pile beside the track. It was a bad smash-up. The engine, a wreck, lay on its side and over it the cars all broken up. It seems a train preceding ours ran over a cow. If the animal was as badly damaged as the train, there was not even "a hide" left. We all indulge the hope that cattle will "clear the track" in future. Bunches of sage-cactus two feet in height grow all along the track. At last the valley widens with distant mountains and their rounded foot-hills. We pass petroleum wells—whether anyone has really struck oil here, I am unable to state.

Our good railroad friend, Mr. Manning, bade us adieu at Pueblo. We are all under great obligations to him. He has been of great service each day. We thank the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé for furnishing such a genial, capable companion. Nor is this all. Charles T. Parsons succeeds Mr. Manning. He is a general passenger agent of the same road, and joins our party to help us on our way. At Cañon City we notice the light colored stone buildings and prison walls of the State Penitentiary. Gangs of convicts are out in zebra garb, while guards with loaded rifles are closely watching. These striped fellows seem to receive marked attention. Here are also fine soda springs.

Just before leaving, some of the Sir Knights post themselves on the engine and three take front seats on the cow-catcher, a position affording the finest chance for sight-seeing imaginable, but it is a wild ride, as I can testify. We enter the steep mountains by a narrow

valley giving exactly room for the railroad and the river. Our friend Parsons supplies goggles to protect our eyes from cinders since the observation cars here are without a top. It seems quite a masquerade party. On our right is a perpendicular cliff over 1,000 feet high, and on the left grand lofty masses "with verdure clad." We pass caverns, lateral cañons and cliffs, 2,000 feet aloft the river, and the telegraph which stretches from crag to crag, keeping us company.

At one point three mighty cañons meet. We sweep by a sharp curve to the left at the foot of a smooth wall of 1,500 feet. Then come such lofty piles that one cannot stop gazing up. It is awfully grand, literally thousands of feet right over our heads are towering pinnacles and ragged rocks, the walls over half a mile in height. We spin around lofty spires where lines of red granite and gray alternate, and at last, right over the river we are all held up by powerful iron rods suspended from strong

braces placed against the opposite walls of the awful chasm. To the right of this bridge is a cleft not half a yard in width, and more than a thousand feet deep. Our ladies are in ecstacies over the wild grandeur of the Royal Gorge.

This work is a triumph of engineering skill. Men were let down this yawning gulf to the raging waters below by ropes, 1800 feet, and the cuts were made by such means. Everything in the cañon is on a scale of immensity. Sir Knight Kelsey says, "We Americans better call Switzerland the Colorado of Europe." Having seen both, as has also Sir Knight Strong, they pronounce this more grand and imposing. Our train is stopped at the bridge and we alight to gaze. Starting again, we pass a sweeping semi-circle in the mountain, the brim dripping with many streams. On we whirl until at last we emerge into the open fields at Park Dale. The scenic beauties of the route thus far have proven a grand succession of marvels. At Park Dale we stroll about,

watching a group of goats far up the Rocky Mountains, or picking up specimens and preparing for a return down through the wonderful Grand Cañon of the Arkansas.

From Itinerary.

"The Royal Gorge begins just above Cañon City. The Arkansas River, here a rushing, turbulent stream, is crowded close to the railway bed, and the massive walls of rock grow higher and steeper. Great spire-like masses lift their summits half a mile above our heads, and seem ready to topple over upon us. The roadway follows the river in all its devious turnings, and in one place the space is so narrow that a hanging bridge had to be thrown over a portion of the stream. The scenery at every point is grandly impressive. From Cañon City to Park Dale, just below which the Royal Gorge terminates, the distance is ten miles.

"The Raton Mountains, comprising one of the lateral spurs of the "Rockies," and the nat-

ural line of division between Colorado and New Mexico, will be crossed by daylight. The summit of the Raton Pass is 7688 feet above the sea-level, or 1654 feet above Trinidad, Colorado, a town of considerable importance, situated just north of the range. From the slopes of the Raton Mountains there are some fine views of the symmetrical Spanish Peaks, which are also prominent objects in the earlier ride across Colorado, and of the lofty summits of the Culebra Range. The Spanish Peaks are two graceful, glittering summits, which lift their heads far into the region of perpetual snow, one being 13,620 and the other 12,720 feet high."

CHAPTER IX.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, Aug. 1.

The Sir Knights of Pueblo commandery provided carriages for the entire party and they were at the depot at 2 P. M., at which time the rain was falling. An excellent dinner followed and an enjoyable chat. Sir Knight H. N. Banks, Eminent Commander, Sir S. H. Guarnsey, Sir C. E. Newcomer, Sir J. B. Orman, Sir Irving W. Stanton, and Sir J. Schmidlap bade us adieu. E. Sir I. W. Stanton and wife accompanied us through the Grand Cañon. Our train is very late but we learn that the train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé at La Junta will be held until our arrival. Our sleep is sound, and we find by the stars before daybreak that we are pushing for New Mexico. All along the route are the little adobe houses, one story high and flat-roofed.

The last six miles of Colorado is up the steepest grades possible for a broad-gauge railroad, an average of 175 feet to the mile and in some places 287. We are passing over the Raton Range. A 63-ton engine with eight driving wheels heads the train and a similar one is pushing, for our cars are very heavy and extra. The brakemen say they have never seen the train so nearly stopped. It is almost impossible to go on. We move a foot or two and stop, then start again with the greatest difficulty at the worst grades. The road is crooked and the views superb. At last we reach Raton tunnel, a fourth of a mile in length. The exit is into New Mexico. A descent of 500 feet brings us to vast plains over which we journey for scores of miles. The cut for the tunnel is partly through coal, which we notice before plunging into the darkness.

At Raton a stop for breakfast; "let us out" for a stroll. The Raton bank is an institution.

It is adobe, about 15 by 50 feet and a long, low hut, yet we are told it does a large business. We find a store 300 feet deep with $150,000 stock on hand, doing a business of $40,000 a month, a trade center for an immense territory. We pick up many fine specimens of petrified wood. En route we find numberless prairie dogs, vast herds of cattle and sheep, and the usual adobe huts. An eagle perched upon a mound soars away as we approach. These immense plains are about 7000 feet above sea-level. Once in a while a sand mound built by a whirlwind is seen on the plain. The rolling prairie without a shrub in sight is beautiful with shadows of passing clouds. In the distance the mountains show the level strata so familiar now, and away beyond, dim, blue and hazy are seen the loftier ranges. We invite into our cars a bridal party who are en route for Old Mexico, Mr. George H. Anthony and wife, and Miss Lulu Snoddy, of Kansas City.

WAGON MOUND.

We reach Wagon Mound only to find that a bad wash-out ahead will hold us here awhile, and while waiting for developments we busy ourselves in the little town. A strange circumstance is Sir Knight Kelsey's experience here. In reading over a letter from his father he learns that an aunt whom he has never seen is at Wagon Mound. Knowing only the Christian name he searches till he finds one of the nicest old ladies you ever saw who cries for joy at meeting him.

We are in for a stay here. The wash-out ahead has taken three bridges and over a mile of road. We while away the time, saunter among the little adobe houses; some pitch quoits, some enjoy a game of ball, and at evening the parties on the train, which consists of several cars, arrange for a grand ball. An adobe hall is hired, the orchestra engaged and public notice fills the little building. An ex-mayor and the present mayor of Meriden, occupy the two front windows. One cotillion

was with a Mexican prompter. Hearty peals of laughter followed his "calls:" "Fellers foller up;" "Cheat an' swing;" "All run away;" "Everybody dance;" "Four to this corner," etc. It was quite a lingo. A waltz with Mexican couples strangely mixed among nice people from the train was amusing. After a Mexican quadrille, which was pretty well worth seeing, we returned to our "home" and indulged in deep sleep. The 4th dawned clear, cool, and beautiful as an October morning. Yesterday a terrible shower came in time to give us a variety; so we expect, in spite of the fine morning that this afternoon will give us a drencher. We must stay here all day unless we can devise means to cross the break and reach Las Vegas. The air is fine and we make the best of it. We have mountain climbing, horseback and mule-back riding, wagon riding and walking. Sir Knight Mather and Sir Knight Perkins find out something about "bucking mustangs." Sir Knights

John Coe, Eli Birdsey and F. Pratt gallop for miles over the plain. We have tested the burros. What a queer animal! People say they will live on old tomato cans and show bills. They are a "narrow-gauge mule," and can do more work and make a worse noise than any animal that walks or warbles.

This is the lazy man's paradise. How these lazy people can ride as they do is a conundrum. There goes a native, mounted on a treacherous mustang fairly flying over the prairie, lasso in hand, his broad sombrero with wide leather band shading his face; his broad belt of cartridges and pistol case with suspicious black butt in sight; the long leather fringe of his leggings fluttering in the breeze. Yonder a herder, crowned with a gold-bordered sombrero, its band like a serpent of gold. He sails like a bird and yet a stranger could not stay in the saddle ten minutes. We may be wasting a day but we are able to pass the time merrily, and this vitalizing air is a

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luxury. The wash-out which detains us was a cloud-burst just at the foot hills, flooding the plains for miles in width and drowning great numbers of cattle and sheep. We are promised a start at 8 P. M.

From Itinerary.

"The Las Vegas Hot Springs are situated upon the banks of the Rio Gallinas, which flows through a romantic cañon from the Spanish range of the Rocky Mountains; they are six miles from the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad. The Montezuma is a fine hotel, designed by a Boston architect, and is owned, like the Springs, by the railroad company.

Soon after leaving Las Vegas, Starvation Mountain, an isolated, rocky eminence, having a cross upon its summit, comes into view. This mountain continues for some time a prominent object. While passing through the valley of the Rio Pecos, nearly fifty miles southwest of Las Vegas, the ruins of the old

Pecos church, built by the Spaniards soon after 1529, are seen. Near these ruins are the remains of a pre-historic city, claimed to have been the once populous Cicuye, one of the mysterious "Seven Cities of Cibola." The Glorietta Pass is crossed at an elevation of 7537 feet. Here and in the Apache Cañon, just beyond, a sharp fight took place in the war of the rebellion between the United States forces and a band of Texans.

Santa Fé (18 miles from the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad), is the territorial capital, and the most ancient city within the domain of the United States. It is believed that a city of the Aztecs existed here previous to the arrival of the Spaniards. It is a quaint place, with Spanish-Mexican characteristics. All the old buildings are constructed of adobe, and in the Mexican style. In 1846 the "Adobe Palace" was said to be the only building in New Mexico containing window glass. It forms one side of the Plaza,

in the center of which is a monument erected to the memory of the citizens and soldiers who fell in the late war. Among the buildings of interest beside the "Adobe Palace" are the old Church of San Miguel, which has a recorded history as far back as 1580, the Church of St. Guadalupe, the Cathedral, St. Michael's College for Boys, the Academy of Our Lady of Light, the Chapel of the Sisters of Loretto, the new Charity Hospital, and an ancient adobe structure near the Church of San Miguel said to be the oldest house in Santa Fé. The gardens of Bishop Lamy contain many rare trees and plants. The street and market scenes of Santa Fé are especially interesting, as the groups are largely composed of Indians and Mexicans.

Retracing our way from Santa Fé to Lamy Junction, we continue our journey over the main railway line. The Rio Grande is reached at Wallace, and for over 200 miles the route follows this river. Near Wallace is the Indian

pueblo of San Domingo, and a little further on is the pueblo of San Felipe, both being visible from the cars. The San Domingo Indians assemble at Wallace in considerable numbers to sell turquois and pottery to travelers."

CHAPTER X.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, August 6.

When at last after thirty-six hours' detention, we left Wagon Mound for the Las Vegas hot springs, the rain had poured in torrents for some hours. The plain was an inland sea; the daylight was fading and the track ahead was new; so we found it an exciting ride. Passing it in safety we reached "The Montezuma," at Las Vegas hot springs, about midnight. The menu is gotten up for the occasion in elegant style as a Knight Templar souvenir. The Montezuma is an immense establishment for this section, and is owned by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. The hot springs are a curiosity. The baths are enjoyed, and at an early hour our train started for "Vegas" and Santa Fé. Las Vegas (the meadows), with a population of 8500, is half United States and half Mexican. One passes

the queerest little adobe huts with lazy Mexicans loafing outside, two or three women in the door and children all about.

In the city are fine American houses and Mexican huts intermingled. We pass a pretty adobe house with shingled roof projecting to form a veranda, with a pig-pen attached as a part of the edifice. There are a number of churches here, and several banks. The city has a street railway, telephone exchange, and all the appliances of modern living, yet it is in the midst of the strange, sleepy Mexican ranch-life. The altitude is about 6500 feet, and the climate is delightful. We struck it at the rain period. This morning the conductor called us to look at a rare phenomenon in the northern sky. Light clouds are floating about, and high up towards the zenith is an inverted rainbow, brilliant and beautiful, curved lowest in the middle, the colors being opposite to their arrangement in the ordinary bow. We gaze on it for a half-hour. There is no

rain and the day is fine. We do not desire to travel on Sunday, but the long delay at the wash-out renders it necessary.

We expected to rest at Santa Fé this day, and were compelled to ride to reach it. About eight miles out our porter says to Sir Knight Garvey, "The train is going too fast for these curves; I am going to get ready for trouble." He placed himself on the platform, and in a minute bounds off. The train was drawn by two large engines. We come to a stop which breaks a few dishes in our pantry. Some of the party see the engine and cars leave the track. All are out in a breath. The leading engine stands on the track except one truck; the second is a total wreck, the boiler sending up great clouds of steam. The engineer and fireman are thrown nearly twenty feet, but not seriously injured. The baggage car is thrown its length to one side, the mail-and-express beside it lies with the floor in the air; the next are badly handled, only the Pullman and our own cars

being unharmed. The automatic brakes save these. A flagman runs to the rear, soon an engine comes puffing up, and we are slowly hauled back to Las Vegas.

Hardly are we located when the pounding, pouring floods come down with terrific force. In no time there is a broad expanse of dirty water pouring along beside our train, covering the tracks and suggesting wash-outs. It is the water-spout or cloud-burst; when these occur it is not strange to miss from one to five miles of railroad. The soil is of a peculiar quality. Mingled with straw and dried in the sun, it becomes "adobe" and is material for dwellings. Without the straw the water will cut great gulleys and construct a miniature cañon in short order. We thank kind Providence that we are all safe and quietly await the repairs which are in progress, in spite of rain.

Through the kindness of Mr. Parsons we are invited to dine at the eating house of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. It is the

best dinner we have had outside our cars. Walking out, after admiring a beautiful rainbow we stroll along the platform and all express astonishment and admiration in viewing the most remarkable sunset any of our number ever witnessed. Such a sunset is worth a journey to New Mexico. It is indescribably grand. Such groupings! Such a sky! The blue is so transparent, so unlike a New England sky. Black, threatening clouds roll in the west, edged with golden yellow; a vast ocean of tossing billows is in the south, just beyond a still, silvery lake; blue, tumbling clouds are mingling with every shade of brown, red and golden, and yonder a group all aflame. Through all and everywhere are patches of beautiful clear blue, and glimpses of snowy white. We speak of the gates of pearl, and returning "home," sing together for hours, sweet songs of the "better land." We retire late, and at midnight away we go towards Lamy, regretting that the beautiful

pass over the Glorietta mountains is not to be made by day.

A special is awaiting us and without any delay we pursue our course toward Santa Fé. We arrive in the morning and take coaches for the Palace hotel. A day at Santa Fé is a day of rare interest and pleasure. I wish all your many readers could see this most wonderful city. We visit the Tertia Millennial Exposition and points of interest too numerous to mention. Santa Fé is the oldest town on the continent. We see the ruins of the oldest house, visit the oldest church, San Miguel, and gaze on the oldest palace. Here we are in a town occupied by the Aztecs in 1325, and how old it was then, not even tradition can tell. Its narrow, winding streets are the same as in the olden time; its broad plaza and many of its localities are Spanish, and its broad streets with handsome business fronts together with some of its modern buildings are United States. Here is "Lo, the poor

Indian" in all the glory of gaudy blanket; here the lazy Mexican and the restless Yankee. A train of a dozen diminutive burros, each laden with a wood-pile strangely fastened above and around the body, leisurely followed by a trio of swarthy Mexicans, makes way for a modern omnibus suggestive of Broadway.

The palace of the governor, one story high with its front porch, occupies the entire length of one side of the public square. It had been the palace of the Pueblos before the holy name of Santa Fé had been given in baptismal blood by the "Spanish conquerors," the palace of the Mexicans freed from Spanish rule; the palace of General Lew Wallace, where he wrote "The Fair God" and "Ben-Hur," and now the palace of Governor Sheldon, who receives the Knights of St. Elmo. Here have met all the departmental and legislative bodies ever assembled in the capital of New Mexico. The terrible bloody scenes enacted within its low walls would fill a volume. Yet

it is unchanged, and along its front, water and gas pipes are laid, and the telegraph and telephone wires connect the strange edifice with the great world.

At the Palace Hotel we are met by Sir Knight Max Frost, Eminent Commander, of whom I wrote you, when we met him at Kansas City. With him were several Sir Knights. Ex-Governor W. G. Rich received us in his parlors with his family. Governor Shepard and General McKensie were also introduced to our party. The Sir Knights gave us their time and visited the points of interest with us. The climate is delightful, its elevation of 7044 feet counter-balancing its southern latitude. Those who have seen the Mexican sections of Santa Fé, have seen the towns of old Mexico duplicated. We leave its mud walls, its sleep-inducing atmosphere, and its queer admixture of the old and the new, with regret. Sir Knight Mather finds here one of his Meriden pupils, a Master Sweeney, and Sir

Knight Lines meets an old acquaintance, who worked in Meriden in 1863. En route in the midst of fine scenery, Lon Jeffrey spreads the festive board and we are in for a ride of 316 miles to Deming.

We soon see the dusky denizens of dug-outs, and at Wallace the genuine aborigines swarm about the train, offering bits of topaz, turquois and small pieces of pottery. It is a queer sight. One young squaw, gotten up regardless of expense, her entire face a bright vermilion, her fingers stiff with broad silver rings and ornaments innumerable about her bare neck, is no doubt the belle of the tribe and is the only one who does not offer something for sale. Haughty and stoical, she watches her clamorous comrades till the train moves on, then joins with the rest in figuring up the profits. We learn she is the daughter of the chief. A mile below a fenced Indian village is a center of passing interest. The swift-flowing stream on our right reflecting the rays of the

setting sun is the Rio Grande; the village is San Fillpe—an Indian pueblo. We see the ladders by which the natives ascend to the top of the house and the holes by which they descend. Why they climb up to get in is a conundrum. These Indians are law-abiding and industrious, herding great numbers of horses. We see one herder with an immense number of burros.

The mountains in the west are the Jemez range, (pronounced Ha-mas.) Algodomas on our left is a Mexican village and was at one time a hot bed of cattle and horse thieves. It is interesting to watch the straight, tall Mexican woman poising a water-pot on her head. Another Indian village brings us to Vernelio, an old settlement of Mexicans, many of whom are very wealthy, one being owner of more than a million sheep. We reach the vineyards where the soil is so strong that it is the custom to cut the vine back to a half-yard in length annually. Albuquerque is reached at night,

and its gas-lighted busy streets extort cheers. We are in a genuine New England city to all appearance, yet it is eminently Western, being but three years old and numbering over 7,000 souls.

From Itinerary.

"Early in the forenoon the line between the territories of New Mexico and Arizona is passed. The Mexican border is a little more than a score of miles south. The Rocky Mountain range, known in Mexico as the Sierra Madre, is here quite low, and the highest railroad point is considerably less than 5,000 feet. The scenery is for the most part wild, and the most striking feature in the vegetation is the tree cactus, which in many places grows to a remarkable size. A large part of Arizona is an arid waste, but where irrigation can be had the soil is very productive. Many of the famous mining regions are near our route."

CHAPTER XI.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, August 7.

The early morning brings us a beautiful rainbow in the west. The east is aflame with golden glory. Steadily we move over the mountain-bordered plain. We reach Deming at 7:45 and leave at 7, although we remain here more than an hour. Our arrival is on Jefferson City time, and our departure on San Francisco time, being a change of two hours. We have traversed all night the former haunts of the buffalo and the hunting grounds of the Indians. Only a few weeks since the latter were hunting for horses and cattle to steal, just here. On this plain, level as the sea, the Yucca lily attains a height of ten or twelve feet, and cactus of various kinds bloom amid the short buffalo-grass and sage brush, while there are occasional broad reaches of sand entirely destitute of vegetation.

The monotony is relieved by hundreds of acres of water glistening in the sun; lovely afar where it reflects so beautifully the mountains beside it; here, under the moving train, leaving its alkali deposit where the sun has partially evaporated it. Just as we are crossing the line into Arizona an immense eagle floats along quite near the cars. How easily he keeps by our side; now lazily flapping his great wings, and now sailing without effort. Keenly he scans the scant herbage, anxious in behalf of prairie chickens. There may be desolateness in these great plains, but to my eyes the mountains afford one continued panorama of beauty. Between them we have swiftly moved all day. Now in the dim distance; now more near, ever changing in contour and color, piled skyward on either hand; now kissed by the clear shining sun and now gloomy and dark under the frown of a passing cloud; now with ragged outline, sharp cut against the clear sky, and now range after

range, losing the loftiest peaks in the clustering clouds.

Again we pass miles upon miles of water, smooth as a mirror, reflecting every moving cloud and mountain peak. Although unruffled and calm, yet through the transparent air we can see a raging storm in the mountains sixty miles away. There is something remarkable in the strong definition of light and shade on the distant ranges. The shifting patches seem almost like splashes of ink on the picture, and the effects are strange. Should any painter imitate the reality, his work would be ridiculed. We pass great herds of cattle, their condition betokening nutritious pasturage, and yet the alkali affects the skin, although we have no dust to trouble us. Yonder, to the left, a cluster of miners' huts indicates the location of the "Golden Rule," a very promising gold mine. Many of the houses in this section have an extra roof about one foot above the regular one, extending away beyond the house

on every side. The heat induces a constant circulation, and all sides of the house are shaded. An earthen vessel of porous material, hung in its shadow, filled with water, is the universal "cooler."

We are not yet out of the reach of wash-outs, and the small one that detains us here only a very short time, is at the head of a system of cañons which cut the entire valley in all directions. The grade is steep, and we get down fast. The conductor brings us a telegram from Mr. T. H. Goodman, general manager, which covers a resume of all the news of the morning. We wire him our thanks, and while discussing the news, reach Benson, twelve miles from the well-known Tombstone mine. Smelting works are in full blast.

Thirty people were killed by the Apaches last spring within four miles of this place. To the south, four different showers are in sight at once, the lightning flashing vividly. At a little station a plump squaw is bound to sell

her dog, but the dog-market is not brisk enough to warrant the speculation. The Indian fences in this neighborhood are novel in their mode of construction, with crooked posts quite near each other, and small twigs woven closely. The vegetation is beautifully green. There are fine willow trees among others, and specimens of tree-cactus fifty feet high. Sand bags are laid in piles beside the stream to keep the water from flooding the land. At one point the road bed seems to be cut through copper ore. All rush to the windows to view a splendid cactus grove; hundreds are in sight; some thicker than a man's body and twenty feet in height; there are also prickly pear cactus six feet high. Now we come to miles upon miles of cactus twisted, gnarled and brown, yet bearing delicate flowers, which we name Cactus Park. The distant mountains on the left are inky blue, and on the right every projection is light gleaming brown, with dark shadows thrown by the level

beams of the sun. The call to supper meets a ready response, sight-seeing being a good apetizer. Train stops at Tucson (pronounced Too-son), a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and one of the three which claim greatest age, the others being Santa Fé and Fernandina. It seems that Sir Knights Lines and Garvey, on their way out, met at Kansas City the Mayor of Tucson and enjoyed his companionship a full day. We find on our arrival that this ancient city has excelled all by the heartiness of their greeting. During the day a meeting of the common council was called and a resolution adopted, conferring the hospitalities and the freedom of the city on the St. Elmo party. We are met by His Honor, the Mayor, and the entire common council, together with several county and territorial officials, and are urged to remain for as long a time as possible. Much as we desire to do so, it is impossible. This circumstance has been anticipated. We are accordingly invited

to take carriages for a ride, and although the passenger train to which our cars were attached was a very long one, the Sir Knights of Tucson insisted on holding it and actually held it while we were treated to an hour's ride. It is a very interesting city, containing many adobe houses which are said to be warm in winter and cool in summer. A mud house certainly has a modest exterior, but in Tucson many of them are richly furnished. It is never safe to judge by appearances. The streets are broad and clean and there are many fine buildings. The retail store conducted by the mayor, Hon. C. M. Strauss, proved a surprise. Think of stores larger and better stocked than our own city can boast, brilliant with electric light, doing a business of $100,000 dollars a month, away out on the cactus plains of Arizona! The Sir Knights who met us with Hon. C. M. Strauss, were Sir M. P. Freeman, deputy inspector general; E. Sir A. M. Bragg, E. Com. Arizona Commandery; Sir S. C. Hughes, Sir

Col. A. A. Bean, Sir G. C. Roskrugh, master of Tucson Lodge, F. and A. M.; Sir H. D. Underwood; Sir J. McC. Elliott and a score of others. With heartfelt thanks for generous treatment we bid the courteous Sir Knights adieu and retire. The night is warm and somewhat dusty.

From Itinerary.

"At Yuma the Colorado river is crossed and the traveler finds himself in California, though not in the pleasantest part, for the Colorado desert must first be traversed before the inviting and fruitful Los Angeles county is reached. A portion of the desert lies 263 feet below the level of the sea. In the vicinity of the Colorado river the scenery is quite picturesque, a remarkable group of mountains known as the Castle Dome being seen in the north, with the Purple mountains further west. The Colorado flows between these two ranges. Emerging from the desert, the train mounts to the San Gorgonio Pass, 2,560 feet above the sea-level,

or 2,823 feet above the bottom of the desert. This is the gateway to the most beautiful part of southern California, and the transition from desolation to plenty, from a barren stretch of sand to the land of orange groves and vineyards, is very striking. The San Jacinto Range is near at hand upon our left, while the San Bernardino Range fringes the northern horizon. We have meanwhile traversed portions of the second and third largest counties in the United States—San Diego and San Bernardino —the latter being three times the size of the state of Massachusetts."

CHAPTER XII.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, Aug. 8.

The sun is rising in a cloudless sky as we approach Yuma on the Colorado river. A short stop gave us a view of the Apaches in their primitive style, a style which to say the least, would be considered extraordinary in any cold climate. We cross the Colorado river at an altitude of 140 feet and from thence a descending grade brings us down to a point in the great desert 263 feet below the sea-level. The way is through desolation. Black, bare mountains on the right; the most distant, looking as if made of black clay, and the nearer, of lighter material; without a particle of vegetation. On our left, high shifting sand hills. We speed along across barren sands where gangs of Chinamen are stationed to shovel off the track. We pass the Flowing Well, a spouting spring of bitter alkali water.

THE MIRAGE.

Eminent Sir Knight A. M. Bragg accompanies us to-day, having left Tucson with our party. He has driven six horses to an empty wagon over this desert when thirteen miles was all that could be made in a day over the soft fine sand. By the side of the track we see great "chunks" of pumice stone. Away off to the left a splendid mirage presents a beautiful lake with islands and trees reflected in the smooth waters—many miles of lake which some of the ladies and Sir Knights are certain of, yet nothing is there but dry, hot sand. On the right we pass an extinct volcano, which is now a broad basin in the desert, a few feet in depth, with mud boiling up a half yard in height, over the whole of its extent. Well, well! There goes a Burro, a pack on his back and behind him a Mexican plodding along, both pulling their feet out of the sand. Where can they be going, out here, miles from anywhere and no possible shade within reach? There's a restless desire manifested everywhere to "move on."

The temperature in the ladies' car is only 114 in the shade, owing to the double roof, while in the other we manage to laugh at the weather with the thermometer at 120, and we have dust to-day. We delay dinner in order to enjoy the sea breeze that sweeps over Gorgonio Pass. Gradually we rise, the mammoth heaps of rocks and barren earth come nearer. From the depths of this old ocean basin we rise to an altitude of 2560 feet and the pass is made behind us. The hot sand is sifting in the heated winds for a space of 140 miles. Water is brought to the stations in tanks and drawn into cisterns under ground; sand-storms are of frequent occurrence, yet the trails are in use. We passed an emigrant wagon (prairie schooner), with a barrel on each side for water, a full load of humanity, assorted sizes; *pater familias* in advance on horseback and three burros (one carrying double), bringing up the rear. How they stand the fierce rays of the sun is a mystery. Near San Gorgonio Pass a

mountain stream is brought in a trough a distance of more than a mile.

Leaving the pass we descend 1000 feet to Mound City. Wild melon, willows, cactus and occasionally bright flowers put in an appearance. After the rainy season it is a lovely country. At this time irrigation is needed. At Colton, Sir Knight Strong and wife stop for a day to visit friends. Before reaching this station we pass immense fields of barley. Once sown and reaped the land will produce four or five "volunteer" crops. The valleys are beautiful. Orchards of apricot, peach and apple trees succeed each other, interspersed with lovely orange groves, long lines of eucalyptus, flower gardens, pretty houses, the ubiquitous windmill which pumps the water for all, and broad vineyards whose growing vines need no support of trellis or post.

At San Jacinto an enthusiastic lad satisfies the open-eyed wonder of the crowd by the

side of the track, with the comprehensive statement "Them's all the way from Connecticut." Mr. Samuel Miller comes on board to accompany us and to make arrangements for the trip to Yosemite. We pass near the Coca Munga ranch, famed for its wines, and then look from the windows down Orange avenue, seven miles in a perfect line. The smoky haze enveloping the San Gabriel range is suggestive of October, and the great flocks of sheep with attending shepherd and dogs, the buzzards floating lazily about, the hills on the confines of the valley as smooth as if rounded with a trowel, impress one with the feeling that the railroad has somehow got out of its proper world.

There go seven Indians on three ponies and a squaw on foot with her papoose strapped on her back. We pass the Sierra Madre villa and the brick buildings of the San Gabriel Wine company. Since morning we have traversed a country where not a drop of rain

falls for months together, and in these valleys a thunder shower is unknown. We are approaching the city of the "Queen of the Angels." The air is cool and exhilarating. As the train stops, the Los Angeles Sir Knights come on board and we alight to take carriages for the Pico house.

A short ride, and we are cozily settled for two days in this delightful spot. The Pico house is built around an open court where a fountain throws a plashing stream twenty feet in the air. Shading vines cling and clamber on all sides. It is cool during the day and bright with the electric light at night. Baths are in order and then the dining room. We arrange for a ride on the morrow, and in pleasant dreams and restful sleep the night goes by till at the dawn the chime of bells calls every one to indulge the fancy in the strange commingling of life in the streets of charming Los Angeles.

TOUR OF THE ST. ELMO'S.

From Itinerary.

"Los Angeles, or the pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles (the town of the Queen of the Angels), to give its old Spanish Mexican title in full, is the capital of the county of the same name, and the metropolis of southern California. It has a population of 15,000 and is growing in size and importance. It is in the midst of orange orchards and vineyards, and all kinds of tropical and semi-tropical fruits are raised in the vicinity. The town was founded about 1780, and the older buildings are constructed of adobe, in the Mexican style. The Catholic church is an ancient and picturesque structure. At San Gabriel, nine miles east of Los Angeles and within plain view from the cars, is the old mission church of San Gabriel, the fourth in order of date (1771) of the missions founded by the venerable Franciscan pioneer, Padre Junipero Serra, between 1796 and 1782. There are many large vineyards and orange orchards within the city of Los Angeles."

CHAPTER XIII.

HOTEL ON WHEELS, August 9.

At Los Angeles we are glad to meet Sir Knight T. M. Smith, of St. Elmo. Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles (the old Spanish title), is known as Los Angeles. It is a very pleasant city, with its orange groves, gardens and vineyards. There are many large and elegant buildings, much of refinement and wealth, and a strange admixture of Mongolian, Mexican and American civilization. The morning and evening trade winds coming from the Pacific ocean furnish an exhilarating atmosphere, which it is a pleasure to breathe. This morning, after a good breakfast at the Pico house (in which connection I must not forget the watermelons, which weigh from thirty to ninety pounds each, often reaching one hundred), we start in carriages for a thirty miles' drive through the par-

adise of semi-tropical Southern California. Our route is via Pasadena to the delightful Sierra Madre Villa. We pass through miles of orange groves, the streets often lined with graceful pepper trees, the fruit of which furnishes the ordinary black pepper for our tables. The air is spicy, the views are beautiful, and everything delightful, except the dust and the occasional roughness of the roads. At Sierra Madre Villa we are kindly received and welcomed by Mr. W. P. Rhoades, the lessee and son-in-law of the proprietor, Mr. William Cogswell. This charming Eden was started eight years ago by Mr. Rhoades, who cleared the first land and planted the first orange trees. We roam over scores of acres of orange groves, and are allowed to pick and eat at will. Here are magnificent bird-of-paradise trees, India-rubber trees, figs, apricots, peaches, apple, pear and pomegranate, with grapes in rare profusion, also groves of lemon and lime. Three hundred acres are under cultivation. Thirty

miles from the ocean the strong sea breeze comes like a breath from the hand of the Creator, full of healthful, invigorating life. Islands in the Pacific ocean, sixty-five miles away, are in plain sight. This is no place for a poor man to locate, but one who has the means to wait for a half dozen years while his groves and vineyards are becoming productive, can make himself a home like a paradise. The rainy season from November to April is not unpleasant. Three or at most four days of rain are followed by beautiful sunny weather for about five days. There are showers, but never lightning or thunder, and all the mountain-sides and hill-slopes are vivid with "living green" and bright with gorgeous wild flowers. The dry season is without a drop of rain but delightfully cool except at mid-day. Irrigation protects the vegetation under cultivation and there seems to be no portion of the year unlovely. We take a lunch, bid the genial host "Adios" and drive four and a half miles to

Sunny Slope, the immense vineyards of Stern & Rose. They have one plot of vines, in bearing, just one mile square. Here are hundreds of bushels of oranges lying on the ground under the trees which are laden with ripening fruit. This firm manufacture annually 630,000 gallons of wines and brandy. We were shown 200,000 gallons in one room, some of the large butts containing 2200 gallons each. They raise one and one-half million pounds of grapes per annum and purchase six million more. The establishment is, in the language of the street, "a big thing." Mr. Rose, Jr., gives our party every attention. We visit the stables where thirty fast horses live in style. For one of these, "Sultan," an offer of $25,000 was refused a few days ago. Mr. Rose is reputed to be worth $5,000,000, yet 20 years ago he crossed the plains with a single yoke of oxen and a capital of one thousand dollars. From this establishment we proceeded to the old San Gabriel mission. Here is an interesting old

church built more than a century ago. Among the wonders of this productive valley I mention the eucalyptus tree, specimens of which were shown us not yet eight years old, fourteen inches in diameter at the ground. There is one vineyard in Los Angeles county containing 2000 acres, and the vineyard area of California is to-day much greater than that of France. It is claimed that a man of limited means can sow the Alfalfa which produces a crop in three months and can be cut once a month thereafter. We find the best honey out here ever produced. Artesian wells can be successfully bored, water being found at a depth varying from 40 to 200 feet. There is a charm about this place that captivates the entire party. Whether it is the bracing salubrious atmosphere, the profusion of fruits, or the beauty of the scenery, I am unable to state; certain it is we shall leave this wonderful locality with sincere regret.

From Itinerary.

"On leaving Los Angeles for San Francisco, 482 miles distant, we climb the valleys of the Los Angeles and the San Fernando. Thirty-six miles from Los Angeles and 1200 feet above it, or 1469 feet above the level of the sea, the train passes through the San Fernando Range by means of a tunnel 6917 feet in length. North of this range the railroad crosses the Mojave Desert, a more elevated tract than the Colorado Desert, but another scene of wildness and desolation. This part of the journey will be made at night. The Tehachapi Pass, elevation 3964 feet, lies north of the Mojave Desert. Here a group of mountain peaks belonging to the terminating southwestern spur of the Sierra Nevada stood in the way of the locomotive, but by means of a bewildering series of complex and intricate curves, and finally by making the line actually cross itself at a different grade, a pathway was made. Beyond the Tehachapi summit the

train descends to the wide plains of Kern, Tulare, Fresno and Merced counties and the valley of the San Joaquin."

CHAPTER XIV.

August 10.

Los Angeles! The jewel in the crown of Southern California! Its unfamiliar scenes and semi-tropical environment; its delicious climate; its streets alive with busy industries, combine to render it a desirable and attractive locality. The plow comes into use about four weeks before Christmas and the winter is the time of green fields and bright flowers. Its hotels need no fire for warmth, and the sun shines on its ripening fruits every day in the year.

Our party was treated to a ride this morning and the lovely region through which we passed captivated all. Pretty dwellings surrounded by topical trees, vines and flowers with fruits in profusion. In many places the ground is strewn with oranges, lemons, English walnuts, nectarines, apricots and our well

known New England fruits. Even on the steep hillside vineyards were creeping everywhere to the very summits, thickly studded with brilliant flowers. It was a scene of beauty that will never be forgotten.

One gentleman at whose residence we called has at his door a tree from which the family pick all the lemons they need every day in the year.

The drawback here is the sudden change of thirty or thirty-five degrees in the temperature, which often occurs at or during the night. It is of course an easy matter to adopt precautionary measures.

John Chinaman is also here with his uncouth fashions and modes of living. Some well-informed people, however, consider his presence an advantage. The extent to which these Mongolians are relied upon as house servants may be inferred from the fact that good servant girls receive as high as $25 a month.

Last evening Coeur de Lion Commandery of this city honored the Knights of St. Elmo with a princely banquet. It was an out-and-out California treat; a right royal spread. Several of the buildings display Knight Templar flags and emblems. The hotel at the railroad depot was gay with decorations and emblems in honor of the Connecticut Sir Knights, and to-night the advent of the Grand Commander has caused even the depot to enliven its front with a profuse display.

In bidding adieu to this charming spot I can do no better than to quote from competent authority: "Taking all things into consideration—equality of temperature, healthfulness of climate, grand mountain scenery, productiveness of soil, railroad and ocean facilities, accessibility, etc., etc., it has no superior in the world, either to winter in or to permanently reside."

Saturday, August 11, we left Madera for a stage ride of seventy miles to "Clark's." The

placing of our cars and other delays made the start two hours late. Only half of the party are off to the Yosemite, the other portion take one of our cars to Monterey. Our start for the Grand Valley was over a level plain, trodden everywhere near the road by the tens of thousands of sheep driven over it. To the right is a V-shaped flume about four feet in depth built for floating lumber, and running back into a cañon fifty-eight miles, being at one point more than sixty feet from the ground, on trestle work. The plain gradually becomes rolling; the rolls grow into smoothly rounded hills which become more steep as we proceed. Presently rocks appear, but in strange arrangement, looking as if vast walls had sunk into the soil until only a row of points were left. These rows multiply, occasionally a rocky hill appears and at last the hills have grown massive and we are in a beautiful mountainous country.

The rolling land is literally swarming with ground squirrels, little fellows very much re-

sembling our gray squirrel. They burrow everywhere until the ground is honeycombed. A small species of dove abounds, and buzzards are lazily floating over the hills or flocking where a carcass invites.

The day is fine, a brisk breeze sending the clouds of dust away. Our driver, Mr. Phil. B. Tobey, is superb. I find that all the drivers on the Yosemite routes are men of skill and experience, and certainly both experience and skill are requisites on these wonderful mountain roads.

Our first team of four horses take us at a lively pace about twelve miles. The first relay consists of five, three leaders abreast, the increasing grade and irregularities of the road requiring this arrangement. Six fresh teams are employed to cover the seventy miles, the last consisting of six horses, and the rocking coach flies over the ground except on the steep upgrades. Disguise it as one may, it is a tiresome trip. Our way becomes more serpentine as the

mountains are reached. We whirl along their sides, around impossible circles and curves, now this way, now that; suddenly doubling on the track; often on the brink of a high precipice or a deep chasm. So skillfully does the driver bring the coach around, that one soon acquires a sense of security. A big jolt is only a mirth-provoking incident and aching bones occasion as many jokes as groans.

After reaching the rounded hills, mistletoe-laden oak trees appear here and there, and presently we are in the "oak-openings." As we approach the mountains we find a few pine and spruce trees which become more and more abundant until at last we skirt the steep mountain sides in the midst of a stately forest. The half-way house for dinner is at Coarse Gold Gulch. California quail are met with in great numbers, and game of various kinds abounds.

The road is dusty, as it must be where no rain falls during these months of the dry season. The sturdy trees are bright in the green-

ness of their dress and must strike deep down to water in this cracked and parched soil. A coyote is seen and the track of a bear, but no wild beast ever disturbs the tourist in these days. The trees along the crooked road grow more stately and as the forest thickens become of immense size.

The sun goes down before our last relay, but the gentlemanly Phil dispels all fears by his cool demeanor and reassures us by his laughing sallies. What a glorious ride, whirled around the sharp curves, among great trees, often on the brink of a steep precipice, the trampling of the six galloping horses ringing out on the still night air, and the moon shining on the yellow thread which wound in all directions, ever nearing "Clark's." It was down grade all the way. We were exactly 19 minutes between the last station and our destination, and were singing in full chorus, both the ladies and the Sir Knights making the mountain sides ring with joyous notes. We held on

tightly and the swaying coach brings us at last to the cheerful twinkle of the lights; a moment more and the wide balconies are merry with a laughing crowd and the sharp whisk of flying brooms and brushes, in the hands of dusky servants or wielded by the genial proprietor, duplicates in miniature the dust clouds of the day.

The table is well served, the attendants polite, the plentiful viands well cooked, the rooms large and high and very pleasantly arranged, and the beds, O such luxurious beds! These, with the delightful surroundings, make "Clark's" a charming retreat, sure to be fully appreciated after a stage ride of 70 crooked miles. We are all soundly sleeping on the morning of the 12th, and the loud rap of the porter recalls us to a hurried toilet, a bountiful breakfast and a clamber into a seat for another coach ride to the wonders of the Yosemite.

The distance is 26 miles. The regular num-

ber of horses required on the round trip including the Mariposa grove of "Big Trees" is 102 for each coach. An early morning ride with "Dorse," the best driver on the coast, who has held the ribbons for 30 years, a happy, jovial party aboard and the Yosemite just ahead, will do your soul good. A series of zig-zags, "short, sharp and decisive," coming on the heels of some glimpses of wonderful scenery, ushers us onto "Inspiration Point."

The view defies description. Neither pencil, pen nor tongue can convey any adequate impression of its grandeur. Every tired Sir Knight and lady was in that one glance amply rewarded for the toilsome trip. We stood and drank in the glories of this wonder-land, then away we whirled down, down into the lovely valley, past the "Bridal Veil" on the right, and lofty, perpendicular "El Capitan" on the left, between the enclosing walls, beside the sparkling waters of the beautiful Merced. It was Sabbath and all were right glad to avail

themselves of the friendly shelter of Cook's for rest. El Capitan, seeming to rise from the narrow level of the valley, lifts its proud front in a perpendicular line 3600 feet. The walls of this valley or chasm seem as if cleft from top to bottom. We muse on the scene, lost in its awful grandeur. A more impressive spot it would be difficult to conceive. An evening walk to Barnard's, a short distance up the valley, brings us to the loveliest location. The descending sun casts darkening shadows around. We gaze on the limpid waters of the Merced which flows at the edge of the veranda at Barnard's. The twinkling stars reflected in its mirror surface, the winds which move the whispering pines whose lofty tops seem like tiny shrubs beside the mighty cliffs, and the chill which evening brings in these depths, only deepen the sense of awe.

The cold compels a return, and with orders for an early call we sleep within the imprisoning walls.

On Monday an early ride brings us to the placid waters of Mirror lake. It is a small sheet, but its charming location has given it world-wide fame. Every point of the lofty wall is duplicated in beauty below, and a wonderful double refraction presents acres of trees upright, while only a few steps away the still depths show a perfect picture of the opposite side of the gorge. Here is a wondrous scene. The diverging lines of golden haze a thousand feet below betoken the coming sunrise. In the clear depths each depression in the jagged mountain top is reflected as a gateway of glory, sending afar its quivering shafts of light. Brighter and brighter shine the outlines of the lofty rocks. Suddenly a jewel sparkles; then another flashes out, until the long uneven lines are strings of blazing diamonds; more marvelously beautiful they grow until the myriad coruscations seem to melt into one fierce flash, and the rising sun blinds the delighted eyes. A change of a single step

and the gorgeous scene is repeated again and again.

At sunrise Mirror lake is beautiful indeed. When the feast is over we ride down the valley and at every turn gaze on a changing panorama, everywhere transcendently grand. A short rest and lunch are the preliminaries to an exciting horseback journey up the zig-zag trail which lifts the daring riders step by step to Glacier Point. Sir Knight Strong, who by the way, is major of the Horse Guards, urges his plucky pony in advance of the Indian guide who accompanies us a part of the time and follows in our wake the rest. The trail seems to lead straight into the solid wall of rock, but swinging aside up a steep incline takes advantage of the first projecting point to turn upon itself and push its upward course in a new direction. The turn is close work for the horse at times and lets the rider look directly down. Upward, by sharp turns, back and forth along the front of the fearful preci-

pice, horse and rider apparently attempt the impossible.

A look down a thousand feet make the nerves tense, but one soon learns to ride along the narrow way with one foot in the stirrup hanging out over awful heights without fear. At one point the short zig-zags were about twice a horse's length and chased each other up for a long time. I counted six riders, one above the other, in a direct line, each alternate horse moving in an opposite direction and all going up a steep incline. These horses can climb splendidly, but are good for nothing else.

We reach Glacier Point, and tying the horses went to the edge which overhangs the valley three thousand two hundred feet in the air. Stones thrown down seemed to settle slowly toward the earth and actually disappear before reaching the foot of the cliff.

A few steps brings us to the hotel, from the balcony of which towards the east, the grandest view of all bursts upon one like magic. To the

north is Cloud's Rest, and far away to the south, beyond Mount Starr King, the Sierra Nevada Range stretches away. In the vast semi-circle, lofty mountain ranges are piled upon each other, capped with snow and dim with the haze of distance. Exactly in the center the Nevada Falls present seven hundred feet of rushing foam, the Merced river taking the terrible plunge, and nearer the Emerald Pool; then the beautiful Vernal Falls, three hundred and sixty feet in a single broad sheet, silvery white. The immediate foreground is the concave front of lofty vertical walls of solid rock thousands of feet in height making a grand sweep three miles away. The glorious picture lies at our feet. We sit and gaze, wrapped in admiration and awed into silence, a silence only broken by the ceaseless roar of the rushing falls. At length, while the mighty panorama grows in magnitude and impressiveness the low tones of a Sir Knight voiced the common sentiment in the words: "What is man that Thou are mindful of him?"

For more than an hour we gaze while the wondrous scene imprints itself indelibly upon the memory. There may be other points from which equally fine views may be obtained, but let no tourist fail to look from Glacier Point. Reluctantly we turn, and mounting our ponies begin the perilous descent, our Indian guide bringing up the rear. Slowly and cautiously, with many a slide, the trusty beasts bring us down again till near the foot the Indian leaps his pony across from one path to the next zig-zag below in the effort to come in ahead. The Major is too quick for him and with a ringing laugh he strikes the level plain.

When half way down we met Sir Knights Mather, Perkins and Pratt riding up the trail, they having made an extra trip to Vernal and Nevada Falls. From them we learn of the stage robbery which has to-day startled all the valley. We hear with breathless interest, this being the day announced for our own arrival and the despoiled coach the one in which we had

engaged seats. A change in our plans (decided at the last moment), brought us safely into the valley one day too soon for the footpads. Arriving at the foot of the trail we form and ride proudly up to the hotel, ten horses abreast. The robbery is all the theme. Here are the victims, without watches or jewelry and minus money. There were four gentlemen besides the driver, and three ladies. The Grand Commander of Arkansas gave us the details.

Near the top of a long hill a mile and a half from Inspiration Point, two men spring from behind the big trees which grow so near the road that the coach wheels almost touch in passing; their guns leveled at the driver's head call a halt. The six horses stop, and as the eager faces of the passengers peer out they look into the threatening muzzles of the steady guns. The order is "get down" and "hands up." The men get out and are quickly formed in line. Back of them is a double-barreled gun ready to end the life of any man who lets his

hands fall. Each is thoroughly searched. One has in his outside pocket a tiny lady's watch, which is replaced by the highwayman with the remark that he has "no use for that;" "there is nothing small about him," he jocosely remarks, "except his feet." His tracks, which we afterward examined, verified the assertion as to the feet. The ladies are left alone. The robbers cut the traces and shoot at the horses as they start to go back. The men are faced about, their hands still up, and ordered to move away from the valley, and not to look back on pain of death. The loss is about a thousand dollars in valuables and more than that amount in money. A purse is made up for the sufferers and we retire too tired to dream of bandits.

Tuesday, Aug. 14.—"Bright and early" we bid adieu to the Yosemite and soon are out examining the ground where the coach of last evening was robbed. Tracks lead off down the mountain to the river and a large number of scouts are on the trail of the villains to-day.

The sheriff has compelled the driver to accompany them in order to identify the robbers. At Chinquapin we meet the Sir Knights who passed the night on Glacier Point. Our coach, already full, can take no more and there are enough accompanying them to fill another. The regular driver is off "on the chase" and the substitute is unfortunately in a condition in which no regular driver is ever found. The road is tortuous and steep, the six horses become unmanageable, and the helpless substitute pitches the whole load into the rocks.

The Sir Knights of our party fortunately escape with a few bruises, but the man who is responsible for the overturn lies unconscious. It is just at the station, and another coach is fitted out without delay. We lunch at "Clark's" and proceed at once to visit Mariposa Grove. The coach is quite familiar now, and we do not mind the shaking. The "Grizly Giant" calls for special mention. Sir Knight Miller and myself paced around close to the

bark and found it thirty-six paces. All the monsters are visited. One "Longfellow" is 396 feet high. At last the road leads directly through the huge body of a living tree. A hole is cut measuring thirty-four feet on one of its sides directly through the heart. Our coach, containing fifteen persons, was stopped when in the body of this twig. Six feet back of the rear wheels was the bark of one of its sides, while around in front the noses of the wheel horses were exactly in line with the bark of the opposite side. Now that's the kind of sapling to talk about when you have occasion to mention "big trees."

A party of the tourists, preferring to visit the "Newport of the Pacific," left the Yosemite party at Madera. By the courtesy of T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent of the Central Pacific, they took the car "City of Worcester" to Monterey, via Lathrop and San José. Sir E. B. Cowles and wife, Sir E. C. Birdsey and wife, Sir John W. Coe and

wife, Sir F. Stevenson and wife, and Mrs. E. J. Doolittle, registered at the beautiful Hotel Del Monte. Sir E. B. Everitt and wife also registered here on their return from the Yosemite Valley. This wondrous summer and winter resort is admirably located and superb in all its appointments. The rooms are large and elegantly furnished, the extensive grounds beautiful beyond description and the ocean breezes exhilarating.

Without question the Hotel Del Monte is the handsomest watering place in America. Its scattered groves are adorned with drive-ways, foot-paths and lovely lawns with floral designs on a grand scale. About fifty men are constantly employed in embellishing the gardens and avenues. One can drive over twenty miles of macadamized roads on the company's grounds. There are numberless swings, croquet lawns, an archery, lawn-tennis grounds and large bins of beach sand for the little folks. In the vicinity are the camp

grounds of the Pacific Grove Retreat, Point Pinos, Moss Beach, Cypress Point, Carmelo Bay, Point Lobos, Pebble Beach, the Old Mission Church, and the interesting old town of Monterey, with its ancient adobes and churches and the old Blockhouse or Fort.

The acres of landscape-gardening immediately surrounding the buildings present many-hued flowers in intricate designs, which exhale their fragrance every day in the year, the temperature of January varying only six degrees from that of July. Huge cactus thirty feet in height and gorgeous tropical flowers find a place as well as the modest violet, reminding us of our New England home thousands of miles away.

Surf bathing can be enjoyed "all the year around," but the immense bathing building with roof and side of glass is worthy of note. Five tanks holding 275,000 gallons each are kept by steam pipes at different degrees of temperature and refilled daily. These are

surrounded by broad platforms for bathers and spectators, and the whole is beautified by flowering vines and plants growing in profusion.

How we enjoyed the drives with a fine "turn out" of beautiful bays "four-in-hand." All along the beach are such lovely views. Many of the nearer islands and rocks are surrounded by scores of tumbling sea lions and are often white with myriads of birds. What fun to hunt for shells. We gathered many elegant specimens at the cost of ruined clothing and a thorough wetting. A day was devoted to the mountain streams, and fifty-five handsome trout will be discussed on our return trip to San Francisco.

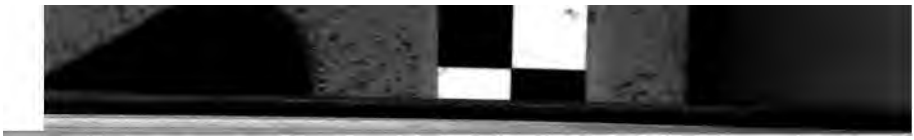
From Itinerary.

"The morning finds the train descending the broad valley of the San Joaquin towards the Sacramento and the Golden Gate. The blue peaks of the Sierra Nevada are about fifty miles eastward, and the Coast Range, less elevated, is nearer at hand in the west. Later,

Mount Diabolo, one of the most picturesque elevations of the Coast Range, and only twenty-eight miles from San Francisco, becomes a prominent object. This mountain is 3856 feet high, and before reaching Oakland the railroad passes more than half way around it. Beyond Lathrop we cross the San Joaquin River, and soon after approach the shores of Suisun Bay, which the railroad skirts for some distance. The Straits of Carquinez and San Pablo Bay also lie upon our right, and across the former is seen Benicia, and at the head of the latter, Vallejo. Near Vallejo is Mare Island. Rounding the point at San Pablo we come to San Francisco Bay, of which the Bay of San Pablo is a northeastern extension. Mount Diabolo, an hour since west of us, is now east, and across the bay lies San Francisco, the Golden Gate and Mount Tamalpais. At Oakland the train reaches its terminus, and a large ferry-boat conveys the passengers across the bay to the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

"SAN FRANCISCO,"

The metropolis of the Pacific Coast, was born of the gold excitement of 1848 and 1849. It now has 233,956 inhabitants, having in thirty-four years reached the rank of the ninth American city in point of population. It is very picturesquely situated between the Pacific Ocean and San Francisco Bay, and occupies several bold hills. It is more cosmopolitan than any other city in America, except possibly New York, and one of its greatest curiosities is its populous Chinese quarter. There are many fine buildings in San Francisco, and one of the grandest of all is the Palace Hotel. This is the largest hotel in the world, and one of its features is a grand covered court seven stories high, into which carriages are driven. The Masonic Temple is at the corner of Post and Montgomery streets, near the Palace Hotel; the new City Hall, on Market street, opposite Eighth street; the Mechanics' Pavilion, on Eighth, Market and Mission streets; the branch United



States Mint, at the corner of Mission and fifth streets; the Post Office and Custom House, at the corner of Washington and Battery streets; the Merchants' Exchange building, on California street; the San Francisco Stock Exchange, No. 327 Pine street, and the old City Hall, corner of Kearney and Washington streets. Golden Gate Park and the Cliff House may be reached either by carriage or by the Geary street "cable road." California street is the Wall street, and Market street the Broadway, of the city. Kearney and Montgomery streets are also busy thoroughfares. The principal wharves are on the eastern side of the city. There are places of worship for all sects, including the Chinese. The old Mission Dolores, established by the early Franciscan Fathers, is at the corner of Dolores and Sixteenth streets. The remarkable drill of the Fire Patrol may be witnessed every day at 12.00 M., in the building at the corner of Stevenson and Ecker streets. The locations of the principal places of amuse-

ment are as follows. California Theatre, Bush street, between Kearney and Dupont; Bush Street Theatre, south side Bush, between Montgomery and Kearney; Standard Theatre, north side Bush, between Montgomery and Kearney; Baldwin Theatre, under Baldwin House, Market, near Powell; Grand Opera House, Mission, between Third and Fourth; Chinese Theatres, 623 Jackson and 814 Washington. Gardens—Tivoli, Eddy, between Powell and Mason; Winter, Stockton, between Post and Sutter; Vienna, corner Stockton and Sutter; Woodward's Garden, comprising a menagerie, botanical collection, aquaria, natural curiosities, an entertainment hall, etc., occupies two squares, bounded by Valencia, Mission, Thirteenth and Fifteenth streets."

CHAPTER XV.

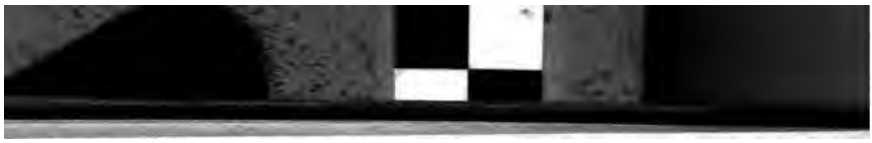
WEDNESDAY, Aug. 15.

To Madera! A splendid dinner at Clark's; an early "lay-out" on a bed of the best kind; a sudden rise and an excellent breakfast fits us for another little trip of seventy miles. The thermometer is at forty-four when we "strike out for the woods." The road is the same and is so terribly crooked that I trust I shall be excused if instead of pursuing the devious pathway of the coach, I pursue, instead, a short train of reflections.

The Yosemite Valley is given to the state of California in trust. It is said that prices of carriages, etc., are regulated by commissioners. Would it not be a good plan for the state to give to the public information concerning the various points of interest; the best modes of reaching them; the best routes to and from the valley, etc.?

There are three hotels in the valley. One is very pleasantly located, and has bath rooms, barber shop and billiards, yet this is the hotel we do not hear of until we stroll about and discover it. Not only this, but our delay in starting for the valley is largely due to earnest efforts to sell us coupon tickets for meals and lodgings which, when purchased, keep one away from the most attractive house. We hear nothing of the trail to Eagle-Cliff until after leaving the valley, and then by chance. The advance agents could afford "more light" and not harm themselves. The Washburns are entitled to credit for their management of the "Clark" hotel and the stage route. Yet one takes away the impression that the railroad, the coach routes and two of the hotels are in some sort of combination. If Yosemite is a public park, "why is this thus?"

One day's ride brings us at dusk to our cars at Madera. It is like a return home. Baths, barbers and beds preface a quiet night. At early morning away we spin for "Frisco."



Shortly after noon we are met at Oakland by Sir Knight William P. Morgan, a member of our own Commandery residing here, who kindly welcomes us and, acting as guide, conducts us across the ferry to the Golden Gate city and the headquarters of St. Elmo, No. 9, at "The Baldwin," first floor, room twenty-eight. Our way is amid the most elaborate and profuse decorations. Not only this portion but the entire city is robed in holiday attire; miles upon miles, from roof to sidewalk a bright fluttering sea of color. Immense paintings, costly Templar emblems and designs, burnished suits of armour, life size figures of Knights on foot and mounted, banners of rich hues, and frequently of costly workmanship, national and state flags, mottoes of welcome, intricate show-window decorations of wondrous beauty, thousands of long lines of pennons crossing everywhere overhead, and huge triumphal arches transform the entire city into a dazzling, bewildering dreamland, a scene of beauty as far as

the eye can reach in every direction. No city on the continent ever even approached this. The overarching lines as seen from higher points seem like solid pavements of bright colors over which an army might march.

We meet our friends at our quarters. Our rooms are decorated in beautiful style. From the ceiling are looped long festoons of ferns and flowers with heraldic shields; the large mirror crossed by letters of rare flowers forming the words, "Thrice Welcome," the mantles and tables filled with costly exotics in Knight Templar designs, and mottoes of welcome about the sides of the rooms. Mrs. William P. Morgan, the daughter of Hon. Horace C. Wilcox, of our own city, had taken pride in doing this work with her own hands. Her elegant suit of rooms in this fine hotel are also at the disposal of our party, the windows affording fine views of the principal streets. Our own windows also give us excellent views. To Sir Knight William P. Morgan and his esti-

mable wife, St. Elmo Commandery is greatly indebted. During the entire time of our stay they have done all in their power for us. The reception accorded to visiting Sir Knights is on a scale of princely munificence. All over this great city the "golden gates" are open wide. Such royal entertainment is unparalleled. During the days of the grand processions all places of business are closed, and even the courts are not in session. The absolute order observed everywhere is surprising. On these days, as soon as the miles of tossing plumes and imposing regalia take up the long line of march, the horse cars are removed and not a team of any kind is to be seen on these streets. The myriads of lookers-on are decorously keeping within the curbs, and the entire width of the streets is unobstructed for long hours.

One very noticeable matter is worthy of mention. Notwithstanding the fact that costly California wines are flowing everywhere "as free as the air you breathe," we have not seen

a single intoxicated man during our entire stay in the city. One cannot walk two blocks here on any day without meeting a band of music followed by lines of Sir Knights. All day and most of the night, all over the city, is one uninterrupted ovation, and this goes on for days. The Californians are the most hospitable people on earth, and the great host which is swarming everywhere during these notable days, are received by all, with the heartiest demonstrations of welcome. The Triennial Conclave at San Francisco will never fade from the memory of any who were so fortunate as to participate. To every corner of this great continent will be carried memories of this bright era, in which St. Elmo Commandery of Meriden is proud to have a share.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sir Knight Judge Coe kindly furnishes the following concerning the Geysers:

Notwithstanding our stage ride of more than two hundred miles in visiting the Yosemite and Big Trees, a portion of the party could not forego the anticipated pleasure of a trip pronounced by many as the most "enchanting and diversified" of any on the Pacific coast. Sir L. E. Coe and wife, Sir J. W. Coe and wife, and Sir H. H. Strong and wife accordingly started on the morning following our arrival at San Francisco for the Geysers, which are about 100 miles from San Francisco in a northerly direction. Our route was via the Napa Valley, passing in view of Goat Island, Mare Island with its navy yard, San Pablo Bay, which we crossed by ferry, the Good Templars' Home for Orphans, and the Napa Insane Asylum; the principal towns en route, Vallejo,

Napa, St. Helena, and Calistoga. The Napa Valley lying between two coast ranges, the Napa mountains on the east and Sonoma mountains on the west, is one of the most highly improved and productive portions of California. On arrival at Calistoga, seventy-two miles from San Francisco, we left the cars for a stage ride of twenty-seven miles, the ribbons handled by Clark Foss, the famous stage driver of tourist writers, who drives to Fossville, at which place he keeps a hotel where we stopped for lunch and to change horses. From Fossville to the Geysers we had for our driver Charlie Foss, an only son and, we thought, the equal as a driver, of Foss senior. This, like the Yosemite stage rides before spoken of, was up, down and on the sides of mountains, where often the stage was moving in one direction while the leaders of the six horses were running in another, giving the passengers varied views of scenery; of the ravine, a frightful distance below,

and the beautiful valley and mountains beyond. Charlie showed us the "Elephant," which is formed by the outline of one of the mountain peaks on the right. On the top of the mountain we obtained magnificent views of the fertile Napa and Sonoma valleys, together with the coast ranges of mountains and the Pacific Ocean far to the west. We stopped again to exchange horses, at which station were an elderly couple, who kept "specimens," trinkets and small beer for sale. The ride down the mountain was exciting and quickly performed, arriving at the Geyser Hotel between five and six o'clock. The hotel stands 1800 feet above the level of the sea, on the south side of a valley through which flows the Pluton River. In the hills and mountains on the opposite side of the valley are the Geysers, or "Geyser Springs." These hills were partially hidden from view by the escaping steam, something like the fogs at times creeping up our West Peaks, or like the smoke from extensive forest fires.

We improved the hour before dark in visiting the near Geysers or volcanic hills, situated a hundred rods to the right of the main Geysers. It is a knoll of an acre, having a yellowish surface, with every other conceivable color intermixed. This surface was composed of a brittle crumbling substance which had been ejected from below or which had been formed by the action of the escaping steam upon the surface rocks and earth.

A hundred jets of steam were escaping through the ground like the escaping of smoke from a coal pit through every crevice, the whole surface of the hill being hot. There were also many hot water springs proceeding from the ground, and from this hill the hot natural sulphur water and steam are taken to the bath house in the immediate neighborhood. The air here and at the hotel is thick with sulphur, and even was noticed by us a mile before reaching the hotel. A sulphur steam bath taken later in the evening was pronounced the best ever experienced.

The next morning we were awakened by the guide saying, "It is now five o'clock; at half-past five I start to show the Geysers. All should wear old shoes and ladies should wear waterproofs and leave their dress skirts at home." The guests of the hotel who had not hitherto visited the Geysers were soon ready. All were furnished with long staves and quickly made the descent to Pluton River, some seventy-five feet lower than the hotel. After crossing the stream we soon reached the base of the mountain and the foot of a cañon running at right angles with the main valley. This lateral cañon in which are situated most of the springs, is called "Devil's Cañon," and down it flows a small colored stream of water called Geyser River. The cañon is V-shaped, with the wall on the west side higher than that on the east. The ascent through the gorge is quite steep and slippery, yet the banks on either side rise faster than the gorge itself. The springs and objects of interest are mostly

at the bottom, or in the lower parts of the side walls. We first visited an iron spring, then an alkaline spring, then a sulphur spring, and, as we advanced up the ravine, we found hot springs impregnated with Epsom salts and magnesia and then a neighborhood where nearly all are sulphur. The ground is burning hot under the feet, the stream which is formed by the various springs is hot, the walking sticky and slushy, and the atmosphere stifling.

Almost every spring and nook and corner has a name. Among them are the "Devil's Arm-chair," "Devil's Kitchen," "Devil's Inkstand," "Devil's Canopy," "Devil's Stewpan," "Devil's Teakettle," "Pluto's Punch Bowl," "Witches' Caldron," "Devil's Pulpit," "Devil's Apothecary Shop," "Steamboat Spring," "Temperance Spring," "Hot Acid Spring," "Lemonade Spring," "Devil's Oven," etc. The water in these springs is generally warm and of greatly differing degrees of temperature.

Iron Spring is 73°; Alum Spring, 97°; Alum and Sulphur Spring, 156°; Epsom Salt, 146°; Witches' Caldron, 195°, Alum Spring again, 176°, and the Geyser stream itself formed by a combination of every kind of medicated water shows a temperature of 102°. The water from the "Devil's Inkstand" put into a bottle looks like writing fluid. The "Witches' Caldron" is a spring some eight feet in diameter, of unknown depth; the water black and thick with mud, the violent ebullition giving it something the appearance of boiling down sorghum syrup in a huge pan over a very hot fire.

At one of the openings near by, the steam escaped so violently as to throw aside all objects we attempted to put over or into it. Even stones were quickly displaced. At one point we could distinctly hear noises in the banks which sounded like hammering iron in a machine shop. This is appropriately named the "Devil's Work Shop." At another, above the hissing and bubbling noises was the sound

as of a boiler blowing off steam; called "Steamboat Geyser." We tasted the crystal formations around the springs and steam vents, and found apparently pure Epsom salts, sulphur, magnesia, saltpeter, etc. Side by side are springs of sulphur water and pure cold water. One hundred and fifty feet above all apparent action, the temperature of the clay there found is 167°. On the east bank of the cañon we found the clayey earth to spring by the weight of a person walking ing upon it like a spring-board. Some of our party made haste to get off from it for fear of going through to an unknown region. Here, too, we found the "Devil's Paint Shop," the clay being of a scarlet color, about the same as we saw on many Indian faces at Wallace and other places. Undoubtedly the coast Indians a few years since often resorted to this wonderful place to procure their war paints, and to heal their sick.

It would seem that the multitude of mineral

combinations found in the "Devil's Apothecary Shop" might be sufficient to cure all diseases that flesh is heir to. One writer has said: "On every foot of ground we had trodden, the crystalline products of an unceasing chemical action abounded: alum, magnesia, tartaric acid, Epsom salts, ammonia, nitre, iron, and sulphur."

Bayard Taylor thus describes the cañon: "Over the rocks crusted as with a mixture of blood and brimstone, pour angry cataracts of seething milky water. In every corner and crevice a little piston is working or a heart is beating, while from a hundred vent-holes above our heads the steam rushes in terrible jets. I have never beheld any scene so entirely infernal in its appearance. The rocks burn under you; you are enveloped in fierce heat, strangled by puffs of diabolical vapor and stunned by the awful hissing, spitting, sputtering, roaring, threatening sounds, as if a dozen steamboats, blowing through their escape pipes had aroused the ire of ten thousand hell-cats."

To "do" the geysers took us about an hour and a half. On our return to San Francisco we chose a different route from the one taken before, to wit, the Cloverdale and Sonoma valley route, which consists of another of those mountain stage rides of fifteen miles to Cloverdale, the road generally very narrow and very high above the ravine, affording a variety of beautiful mountain and landscape scenery. The "Turk's Head" was pointed out to us. It is a rock formation and the most perfect natural profile ever seen, not excepting the "Old Man of the Mountain." We were fortunate in our traveling companions, who were Sir Knight and Mrs. Bunton, of Boston, and Mrs. Tristam Burgess, chairman Ladies' Reception Committee, of San Francisco. At Cloverdale, where we stopped for lunch, we found the thermometer to register 110°, yet ladies who took the train thence for San Francisco took their furs, and placed them in the racks of the cars; they were needed before

they reached our destination. Our railroad ride through the Sonoma Valley gave us another opportunity to see the vast wheat fields and extensive orchards and vineyards, made productive by the wonderful soil and climate of California. Some of the principal towns on the road are Cloverdale, Healdsburg, Santa Rosa, Petaluma, and San Rafael. The distance from Cloverdale to San Francisco is ninety miles, the last thirteen of which were by boat across San Francisco Bay. It was a delightful sail, with views of the city, the setting sun and the Golden Gate. Thus ended our two days' trip to the Geysers.

CHAPTER XVII.

From San Francisco papers of August 21:

* * * "When a mere holiday crowds the sidewalks and fills the windows with the intelligent faces of such men and women as one can see only in a land where all are born free and equal, we wonder at the unmistakable evidences of the rivalry which marks the struggle of life in the centers of civilization; the sight of the thousands that move through the streets and the thousands that look at the spectacle from their homes, fills the observer with amazement at the immense vitality of a modern city.

If the frequent holiday scenes in a great city be so potent to arouse admiration of its vast energy, how much more effective in awakening the wonder of the beholder, must such a demonstration as that of yesterday in San Francisco have been. The countless multitude of human beings that spread over every thor-

oughfare, was not the familiar crowd which gives to the city an ordinary holiday appearance. The sea of faces that might have been observed from any window which commanded an unobstructed view of the Templars' march betokened an outpouring of the population such as one sees but seldom in a lifetime, and then watches with growing surprise that such density of life can be dominated and controlled by universal regard for order.

The continent knew yesterday that the metropolis of the Pacific was to be the scene of a most remarkable pageant. To-day it may be said, with slight exaggeration, that half our State has learned from personal observation that the demonstration was a spectacle, the grandeur of which was only paralleled by its novelty and exceeded by the unbounded admiration and unrestrained friendliness of the hundreds of thousands through whose decorous ranks it passed.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt, by

the simple lines of a pen-picture, to describe a single detail of the grand demonstration that aroused San Francisco yesterday morning and made the length and breadth of its streets for miles dark with restless hosts of sight-seers and gay with banners of silk and gold. The valley of the city, viewed from the heights up which the railroad cars traveled with their loads of spectators, presented an appearance not easily forgotten. From every building of note rich banners floated in the fresh, beautiful air that came briskly across the hills, laden with the odor of the ocean. Endless rows of flags and pennants waved and fluttered over the black masses of people, whose movements were suggestive of the concentrating strength of a great army. The whole surface of the city seemed instinct with life. The streets accommodated but a portion of the populace. Looking down from the elevation of California street, the eye dwelt with surprise on the groups of eager spectators that occupied every roof along the

line of the procession and gazed with apprehension at the adventurous tenants of dizzy cornices and tall chimneys, that almost trembled under their unaccustomed burden.

The flutter of silken banners, the rush of vehicles, the ceaseless ebb and flow of the tide of humanity, all aided to impress the observer with the magnitude of the demonstration which the city was about to witness. Nothing seemed to have escaped the decorator; no window was so rich in architectural attractions or so modest in its dimensions that it was deemed above or below the necessity of the popular ornamentation. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the leaders of society and those to whom that word bore no significance, had equally exerted themselves to show their approval of the day's event and their desire to usher it in auspiciously. From the roof-tops of the plebeian quarter and from the towers of Nob Hill the ever-present decorations waved their greetings to the stranger

and their encouragement to the Knights who were "to the manner born." Above all, rising to imbue the scene of universal friendship with the spirit of harmony, came the strains of martial music as the Knightly hosts moved toward the distant avenue where the pageant was to begin with a grand review.

Looking down from the hill the spectator saw the black masses on each street flecked by the white plumes of the Templars as they either stood in waiting to join the main column or marched to meet it. The magnificent uniforms, the troops of mounted Knights and the glitter of polished weapons as the sun pierced the morning mist and gleamed on the banners of silk and gold, added the last touch of military pomp to the scene and completed the illusion. It required no great stretch of the imagination, with the rustle of the banners, the trampling of the hoofs and the echoes of bugle calls to carry the scene back to the twelfth century and invest it with the martial

dignity of the preparations that ushered in Prince John's great tourney on the field of Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

A closer inspection did not lessen the illusion, and when the Knightly hosts marched into the splendid avenue which had been wisely chosen for the review, it was easy to find in the thousands of stalwart forms, whose grand bearing elicited popular applause, some figures that might have typified the dauntless Knight Ivanhoe or the invincible Cœur de Lion himself. Never before had the aristocratic avenue of the city seen such a pageant, and never did it so thoroughly discard its reserve and strain with such plebeian earnestness to obtain a full view of the spectacle of the hour. Every mansion had flung open its windows to their fullest and placed in them bevies of San Francisco beauties, whose flashing eyes matched well the splendor of the parade and whose cheeks put to shame the delicacy of the roses climbing up the trellis

with true Californian luxuriance. The smallest point of vantage from which the review could be seen was jealously guarded by some occupant, to whom time was of no moment, the increasing warmth of the sun no inconvenience and the insecurity of his or her position of no consequence.

Van Ness avenue was the scene of the greatest interest and brilliancy in the day's programme. It was here the 5000 Knights were drawn up in line and were reviewed by the Grand Master of the United States, and as he passed down the line riding a beautiful white horse, richly caparisoned, attended by his suite, banners were dipped and Sir Knights presented swords in one continuous line of steel. Immediately after the Grand Master reached the left of the line, the order "Column Forward" was given and the procession wheeled down Van Ness avenue into Eddy street, where a reviewing platform had been erected for the Grand Master, which he already occupied as

commandery after commandery and division after division passed in review.

The procession was composed of an advance guard and ten divisions, each under command of a Past Grand Commander, and San Francisco witnessed a pageant never equaled on the Pacific coast in point of display, picturesqueness, extent, or pomp—that of the Knight Templars of yesterday."

A description of each commandery and division not being of interest in this connection I only include a portion of the report of the Fourth, as this was composed principally of New England commanderies (Boston not being included).

"The Fourth Division was commanded by P. G. C. Nicholas Van Slyck, of Rhode Island, with a corps of efficient aids, and escorted by Golden Gate Commandery No. 10, of San Francisco, preceded by the First U. S. Artillery Band. Then followed in order—

The Grand Commandery of Maine.
The Grand Commandery of New Hampshire.
The Grand Commandery of Vermont.
The Grand Commandery of Connecticut,

each Grand Commandery accompanied by a few Sir Knights from their respective states."

"On the left of this division was St. Elmo Commandery, No. 9, of Meriden, Conn., thirty-eight swords, bearing a beautiful white banner trimmed with gold. On one side is the picture of the Castle of St. Elmo, set on a barren rock. Above this is the name of the Commandery in letters of gold and on each side the words "*In Hoc Signo Vinces*" are placed. On the reverse side is a passion cross, with K. T. on each side. The regalia of this body of Knights, is pretty as well as emblematic of the Order. The cross, sashes and belts are black velvet trimmed with either silver or gold fringe, also studded with emblems. The hats are the old black cockade fashion, with black plume floating over the back. An apron adorned with a skull within a triangle hangs suspended from the body. Their regalia being old pattern, and more elaborate than most other commanderies in the line, taken together with steady marching by platoon, drew frequent applause from the crowds along the line

of march. St. Elmo of Meriden is deserving especial mention in this connection, as coming from the extreme eastern portion of our country, and parading with more swords in proportion to its membership than any commandery east of the Mississippi River."

THE WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

Saturday, August 18—Reception Day.

Sunday, 19—Templar Service in the Grand Pavilion.

Monday, 20—Grand Parade and Review.

Tuesday, 21—Promenade Concert, Grand Pavilion.

Wednesday, 22—Excursions, Grand Banquet and Concert.

Thursday, 23—Excursions, Receptions and Grand Orchestral and Promenade Concert, Grand Pavilion.

Friday, 24—Laying Corner-Stone Garfield Monument in Golden Gate Park, and Excursions.

Saturday, 25—Grand Competitive Prize Drill. Excursion tickets provided for any regular train throughout the State, with special excursions to San José, Santa Cruz, Monterey, the Napa Valley, etc., with ocean excursion trips.

From Itinerary.

"For a distance of thirty-two miles, or as far as Port Costa, we follow the same route over which we came. Crossing the straits of

Carquinez at that point on the mammoth steam ferry-boat "Solano," the largest craft of its kind in the world, the whole train being taken on board at once, the route extends through Benicia and across the fertile plains beyond. Sacramento is a handsome and attractive city of over 25,000 inhabitants, and the capital of the State. The capitol is a stately edifice, with a fine dome 220 feet in height. The cost of the building was $2,500,000. Crossing the great plains of Nevada, the State is traversed by the railroad for 456 miles. Reno, Wadsworth, Winnemucca, Battle Mountain, Carlin, Elko and Wells are the chief places upon the way. Humboldt, where breakfast will be served, is a veritable oasis in the desert, the proprietors of the Humboldt House having brought water down from the neighboring Humboldt Mountains for irrigating purposes. Winnemucca was named in honor of a celebrated Piute chief who died about a year since. Elko is a flourishing mining center. Although the

route is over the unproductive alkali plains, the scenery is never uninteresting, as there is an ever-changing prospect of mountains."

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

"The Mormon capital presents many strange sights. Salt Lake City, or Zion, as it is called by the Latter Day Saints, is very beautifully situated in the great Salt Lake valley. The wonderful inland sea is situated only a few miles away, and in the opposite direction rises the great wall of the Wahsatch Range. The city covers a wide expanse, and the streets are laid out regularly, bordered with trees and watered by tiny canals of pure water. The number of people who own the houses in which they live is said to be greater in proportion to the population than in any other city of the Union. There are copious sulphur springs within the city, and rich silver mines within a distance of a score of miles. The number of inhabitants is about

20,000, the majority being Mormons. The Tabernacle, the chief place of worship of the Mormons, is a great egg-shaped building, 250 feet long and 150 feet wide, with a roof 80 feet from the floor. There are seats for 8000 persons and 20 doors for exit. The unfinished Temple and the Assembly House are in the same enclosure with the Tabernacle, and the Endowment House is in a separate enclosure near the latter building. Among the other places of interest are the Tithing offices, Brigham Young's former residence; the Amelia Palace (built for one of President Young's favorite wives and now occupied by President Taylor); the gigantic mart of 'Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution,' known in short as the 'Co-op. store,' and the Deseret Museum, which contains a small but interesting collection of curiosities. Camp Douglas is finely situated near the city."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRIDAY, Aug. 24.

At 3.30 P. M. we bid adieu to the hearty good cheer of San Francisco. A large number of friends cross the ferry with us, among others two Sir Knights of St. Elmo, Sir Theo. Byxbee and Sir James Belden, who preceded us and concerning whom a capital story is going the rounds. It seems the reporter of one of the San Francisco papers announced them as Major General Byxbee and Governor Belden of Connecticut. Sir Knight, James has answered to his title ever since. The Japanese minister came on board and went through our cars at the ferry. Mr. and Mrs. William P. Morgan with a few other friends accompained us to the next station, then final adieus were exchanged and we were off for a ride of 872 miles to Salt Lake. On this route is the largest ferry-boat in the world, affording room for forty-eight freight cars

on deck at once. There are four tracks on which are taken as many trains. For many miles we pass along the shore of the best harbor on the continent. Leaving the broad waters at last we realize that we have turned our faces homeward. There is only a continent to cross!

Sacramento, a city of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, is passed just after dark. At midnight most of the party are on the platforms and at the windows to witness by moonlight the passage "around the horn." The railroad at this place is cut into the face of a fearful precipice. The strongest nerves somehow call for a firm grasp here and all hands hold on tightly till we are safely by. We are told that Mother Hubbard was there enjoying the scenery, and do know for a certainty that Father Hubbard was out. During the latter part of the night we pass through thirty-eight miles of snow sheds. One sleepy Sir Knight inquired this morning if we saw that "long bridge." He said he looked

till he "got tired" and fell asleep. The highest elevation is at Soda Springs, 6,750 feet.

We are passing over an alkali plain between treeless mountain ranges all day. There is little dust, but what there is, makes the skin smart and inflames the eyes, lips and nostrils. The Sinks of the Humboldt river are passed. Three rivers in this desert empty into as many sinks which have no outlet. We ride for miles beside one of these. Sir Knight W. K. Mendenhall and lady, whose sleeping car is placed in another section of the train and who are thus without quarters, are given a place with us and form a pleasant addition to our party. Humboldt is a pretty oasis in the monotonous desert. A fine fountain, a little lake with swan, and fine lawns with trees enhance the contrast; then the dreary waste again. There are ranches occasionally, and sometimes great fields of grain, but only at points where precious water can be obtained. No rain falls here. Rarely during the winter nights slight snows whiten the alkali

surface a little, and these invariably disappear in the early part of the day. Just at dusk we follow the curving river, by a series of circling turns among the parti-colored mountains. There are yellows, reds, grays, browns, all streaked with lines of many tints. The setting sun gilds some with flame-colored lights, leaving the rest with sombre shades. The effect is indescribable.

At Palisade is a touch of civilization. The Palisades are unlike anything we have seen and very beautiful; a novel cañon indeed. A bright sulphur-colored lichen enhances the singularity of the scene. Here is the junction of the Palisade and Eureka railroad, a narrow-gauge to the mines. The valley widens into fertile fields, with distant mountain ranges, and then—the desert with its poisonous dust. The day's ride is attended with more discomfort than the southern route gave us. The heat is not as intense, but one feels it more.

One member of the party offers two bits for

a regulation papoose basket, with the papoose strapped in. The smiling squaw throws it gracefully over her shoulder, places the broad strap across her forehead and proudly walks away. We are running at high speed all day, and as night "pins her mantle with a star" we draw our curtains, shutting out the alkali plains, and at the peep of dawn look out upon "the same continued." Along the eastern horizon, however, sparkles a dark blue line, for we are approaching the Great Salt Lake. At Ogden we find an engine ready to draw us down a few miles to Salt Lake City, which we reach early in the day. We ride about its streets; visit the grave of Brigham Young; return to our cars for lunch and then attend the great Sunday service at the Mormon Tabernacle. Pictures have familiarized everybody with its roof like an enormous turtle's back, but its interior with a seating capacity variously estimated at from twelve to fifteen thousand, is quite a sight. To-day, August 20, the galleries are not filled,

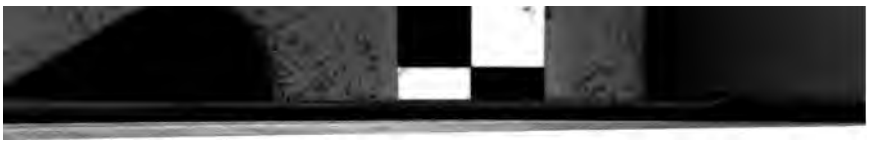
but thousands are seated in the body of the house. Six "Apostles" with heads like billiard balls are breaking bread back of a long table, and filling the fancy cake-baskets (suggestive of Meriden factories). Back of these, and a step higher, six more are seated, and a Bishop stands with uplifted hands in prayer. Back of this row, at the conclusion of the prayer, one rises and reads a hymn; then further back a precentor raises his baton; behind him an orchestra, and an immense organ, and on either side great choirs of singers. The enormous roof echoes pulsating throbs of music; then Bishop George Bywater, who is a mechanic, delivers a long extempore harangue which, when condensed, is as follows: Mormonism rests on Scripture; is a continuation of revelation corresponding thereto, and we are happy in its reception. During the sermon, cake-baskets with broken bread are passed around and water in silver cups, and every one present, old and young, partake about as un-

concernedly as children chew gum. There are in this world schemers and dupes; they can be found in this place. There are congregations of happy-faced, intelligent people, but one will look in vain for them here. A visit to the Tabernacle will set one thinking, and if that is impossible, a ride about the city will do. The streets are very broad but there is everywhere the utmost slovenliness; a general dilapidated, unkempt, don't-care-a-tive-ness.

Here and there a pretty place, perhaps a gentile, perhaps an apostate, possibly a magnate of the church. One sees high adobe walls suggestive of a prison, with a rickety, ramshackle picket affair for a gate; rough roads lined with high weeds; tumble-down cobble-stone walls; and crooked, broken fences. We find the grave of Brigham without any inscription in a corner of a green lawn, enclosed on two sides by stone walls, the third side barbed-wire fence and the fourth nothing, being a bank wall of cobble.

Here are splendid business blocks (also church tithes). This is a fertile valley, yet after reading the glowing "Garden of Eden" accounts the visit is a disappointment. The power here is an absolute despotism vested in the church and carried on under the forms of a democracy. Yesterday was a bloody day. A colored man shot the chief of police who was attempting to arrest him. The chief was a Mormon bishop and revenge came instantly. The colored man was beaten, shot, kicked and pounded until his face was a piece of flesh; was hung to a beam, then cut down and the mangled, bleeding body drawn by a howling mob through the dust of the street. It was proposed to drag him through all the principal streets, and hang up what was left in a public place, but the Mayor knowing what a shock such a proceeding would produce among civilized communities, put a stop to it.

On our return from the great tabernacle we took carriages for the lake, and a bath in its



waters. What a bath! Ocean water is said to be seven per cent. salt—this is twenty-two! Any person can sit, stand or lie down without sinking. We floated around like corks. We could not swim, because the feet could not be kept under water. The Dead Sea is the only body of water on the earth as salt as this. The bath in these waters is as delightful as it is novel.

We return home; take dinner, and by appointment receive a friend who is a gentleman of culture, a resident here for many years. All the evening and late into the night we listen to his expositions of Mormonism, at times with breathless interest. It is an evening never to be forgotten. Would to heaven the good people of this country could see and hear for themselves.

From Itinerary.

"Shortly after leaving Ogden, and thirteen miles from that place, the train enters the portals of the "Devil's Gate," beyond which lie

Weber and Echo Cañons, both of which are filled with strange rock formations. The "thousand-mile tree," which marks the distance from Omaha, is within the Weber Cañon, thirty-two miles from Ogden.

The day will be passed chiefly upon the great grazing plains of Wyoming. The scenery along the Green River is remarkable on account of the strange rock formations. The Uintah range of mountains is crossed at Aspen, at an elevation of 7835 feet, and the true continental divide at Creston, twenty-five miles west of Rawlins, at an elevation of 7300 feet. The highest point upon the road, 8235 feet, will be reached at Sherman. The point here crossed is not upon the main range of the Rocky Mountains, but upon a spur of the Black Hills. While passing through Wyoming the antelope is likely to become a common object, although these animals are not so numerous as formerly. Some of the lofty peaks of Colorado are seen from the vicinity of

Cheyenne. The railroad crosses from Wyoming into Nebraska about fifty miles east of Cheyenne. The western section of Nebraska, like a large part of Wyoming, is given up principally to grazing, but the valley of the Platte, which the railroad follows for several hundred miles, is richly productive.

Between Council Bluffs and Cedar Rapids the road traverses a rich agricultural section of Iowa. The aim of the road was for as direct a line and as light gradients as possible, without regard to the old towns. There has, however, sprung up on this line in Iowa some very smart and flourishing towns, such as Neola, Defiance, Coon Rapids, Ferry, Pickering and Tama. Marion is reached at 5.15 A.M.; this is one of the loveliest towns in the State, and is the center of one of the best dairy farming localities in the great West. Leaving this point the road passes through the most fertile portions of Iowa and Illinois. From Marion a branch runs to Cedar Rapids, one of the

oldest and best towns in the State. Oxford Junction is reached at 6.41; at this point branches run to Davenport and Rock Island, as well as to all points in Northern Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota. Sabula on the west and Savanna on the east bank of the Mississippi are the next towns of importance, and are connected by one of the finest iron and steel bridges in the country.

The Illinois section of the Chicago and Council Bluffs Short Line is one of the finest constructed and finished roads in the country, traversing the bonanza portion of the great Prairie State, crossing the Rock River valley and following that of the Fox. Elgin, the seat of the celebrated watch factory and the home of numerous other extensive and popular industries, lies on this line some thirty-seven miles from Chicago. This piece of road literally flows with *milk*, the profits therefrom constituting the *honey* of the dairymen."

CHAPTER XIV.

SATURDAY, Aug. 27.

A quiet sleep prepares us for an early start for Ogden, thirty-four miles, with a tip-top breakfast en route. An hour here makes up a special train for Omaha ten hundred and thirty-three miles.

The morning is hot; we soon strike the Devil's Gate, a cañon picturesque, rugged and wild. Just at the opening beyond, a colony of three hundred and twenty-five were massacred by the Mormons a few years ago. In the rich valley we look through the vibrating heated air to see the snow on the mountains. Weber Cañon is fine and unlike any other yet seen, ending in a lofty mass with curiously rounded butresses and pinnacles. Here is the celebrated Devil's Slide and Devil's Cave. The Weber River which we have followed all the morning empties into the Great Salt Lake. We soon reach the Echo

Cañon and find the most curious rocks. The face of the perpendicular cliffs for miles is hollowed and cut into myriads of fantastic forms. Along the top are still seen the rocks placed there by the Mormons for the purpose of slaughtering the United States troops a few years ago. An accident which detained the troops saved them from massacre.

The Tower, Steamboat Point, Thousand Mile Tree, Pulpit Rock and the Hanging Rock are interesting points. At Evanston (altitude about 7,000 feet), we stop for an hour. A tribe of Wahsatch Indians and a few Shoshones furnish diversion and an opportunity to trade for trinkets. At Wahsatch we enter the vast territory of Wyoming. The day's ride is in a narrow sage-bush valley with peculiar side hills, some resembling earthworks, some clusters of tents, pyramids, cones and terraces.

At the Green River Cañon all the novel scenes of the kind are outdone. Here are lofty walls, perfectly vertical, with horizontal

lines of varying shades—white, gray, blue, brown and black—lifting lofty castles against the sky and presenting a spectacle of rare beauty. Farther on, at the foot of a wonderful cliff, the town nestles, the long line of buildings fronting a broad plaza. Cages of wild animals are here, panthers and bears being captured on the premises. General Charles Roone, of New York, joins us for a short visit. In jollity and mirth the evening swiftly flies. Notwithstanding the heat of the day the night is cold.

August 28.—Our train is very heavy and the grades during the night steep. The brakes did not hold and the train drew the engine back several times. We lost two hours. No spare engine on this division, since there are seven sections of the train back of us. At Laramie, a city of 3,500 inhabitants, the train stops nearly an hour. We make the acquaintance of Mr. John W. Donnellan, cashier of the Laramie National Bank, who shows us a

fine banking building with excellent appointments and gives us much information concerning the city, the territory, its climate, resources, etc. A mine of crystallized soda with veins and beds several feet in thickness has recently been opened and chemical works are being established. Two miles away a mountain spring discharges pure water enough to fill a twelve-inch main for city use and also supplies a broad stream of running water to every street gutter. The spring is 135 feet above the city level. We move slowly up grade to Sherman. "How is this for high!" Altitude 8,242 feet!

We notice the monument of Oakes Ames on the summit. The party are becoming accustomed to high altitudes, and no one suffers any inconvenience, although in one of the forward cars a gentleman is dangerously ill from heart-disease. From Sherman to Cheyenne the descent is over 2,000 feet. The roads run a short distance through a country full of rocks, then follow broad meadows and

plains, in some places a little rolling. We all supposed that mountain passes would be found, and are surprised to find gradually descending prairies. Enormous herds of cattle are seen, and, of course, great numbers of "cow boys." Sir Knight, the Major H. H. Strong, rejoins us at Cheyenne, having gone on ahead for a visit with friends. His Honor Sir Knight Doolittle meets here a schoolmate, Mr. Allen Bristol, and we are favored with a visit from Sir Knight S. A. Bristol and wife, also Professor J. E. Starke and wife. The professor has conducted the high school at Cheyenne for eleven years. From Cheyenne eastward the same beautiful plains are seen becoming more and more green and all very fertile but requiring irrigation. We find no change until after crossing the Nebraska line. In the vicinity of Sydney are cultivated fields with low rocky ledges. At Salt Lake City we noticed "Uncle Sam's boys," a military post being established there, and we find another at this point. The

entire route from the summit is a table-land meadow exceedingly well fitted for grazing. Just after reaching the North Platte the cry of "fire" is heard; a long line of flame is running across the prairie. The sunset on the plains is also a very pretty sight. During the evening visits are exchanged with the Mary Commandery, of Philadelphia, whose cars are attached to our own.

We cross the South-Platte in the evening and have been riding beside the Platte all night, a broad, shallow river full of shifting sands. The gradually descending grade of yesterday still continues. Our ride through Nebraska is a descent of 7,000 feet.

The morning of the 29th finds us within eighty miles of Omaha, in a region suggestive of New England scenery. Rains have fallen and the rich dark green grass looks refreshing. Numerous trees of various kinds are in sight. Soon we come to level fields burdened with heavy crops, in the fertile valley of the Platte.

At Tremont, forty-seven miles from Omaha, we receive notice of an accident ahead and are compelled to wait. After a delay of a few hours, during which time several trains come up, we proceed to the wreck. A freight train ran into another at the switch. The locomotive was scattered about, twelve cars were demolished, eight of these being stacked up at right angles with the track. No one was seriously injured. A new track is laid down the embankment connecting with the siding, and slowly we "slide down hill," passing around the ruin. After a short stop at Omaha we cross the great bridge over the Missouri river. At Council Bluffs while the cars are cleaned, the time is well filled up. All hands are weighed at the baggage rooms and all have gained since leaving home, the gain being from three to seven pounds each. Some astonishing time is made in certain "go as you please" races. The truck racing is also interesting. The amount of exercise the ladies can endure, is astonishing.

When starting for home we picked up a poor, sick, penniless boy from Connecticut, L. D. Pierce by name, and raising a purse, purchased for him a ticket to Council Bluffs. We find him here and the kind-hearted railroad officials grant him a pass to Chicago, which is the end of their line. Mr. A. Allee, western district passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, joins our party to accompany us the entire length of their line—490 miles. Since leaving San Francisco we have already traveled 1,935 miles.

Into the giant state of Iowa we speed. The wonderful fertility of these rich rolling lands exceeds belief. A concert whiles away the evening hour. During the early part of the night no less than four prairie fires are seen. The Central Missouri and St. Paul railroad is well built, and the train runs at high speed, yet most of the party sleep soundly. The grade is slightly ascending to "the divide," from which point the water runs west to the

Missouri and east to the Mississippi, which river we cross in the morning over a very fine bridge. All the lands seen in Iowa are very fertile, but the western portion is the best. Illinois is also a beautiful country. The land is very productive, and fine farms are everywhere. It is more thickly settled, and is a pleasant land indeed. The views as we pass are refreshing. Elgin is the greatest butter market in the world. We are nearing Chicago, which suggests home.

AUGUST 30.—On reaching Chicago the party take carriages for a ride about the city, while the transfer is made to the depot of the Grand Trunk road. Sight-seeing and a dinner at the Grand Pacific fill up the time till early evening, when we start for Port Huron, after having returned thanks to Mr. A. Allee, of C. M. and St. P. R. R., for favors, and bidding adieu to Sir Knight Frank Platt, who leaves us here for a visit with friends. We are glad to welcome Mr. W. W. Bartholomew, of Meriden,

who accompanies us from Chicago. A ticket is purchased for the boy picked up at San Francisco. The officers of the Grand Trunk insisted on taking him along free and issued a pass, returning the money—one more favor to add to the long list received from the railroad companies. We compare records of the time. A run of forty miles was made in forty-two minutes. One mile was made in fifty-seven seconds. The evening was delightfully passed, an amusing incident being the initiation of Mr. W. W. Bartholomew, the members of the party having passed through the same impressive ceremonies at the start. The gentleman is now entitled to sit in the car wherever he "has a mind" to. The road is excellent, and the speed immense, but we enjoy a good night's rest.

AUGUST 31.—The morning bright and beautiful, finds us approaching the river St. Clair. We have no difficulty in appropriating a fine breakfast as we "roll along," and strike Port

Huron "in good order." The mighty mass of water pouring out of Lake Huron, with "current swift and strong," is crossed by ferry, the train is made up and we are off again through the Queen's Dominions. We are favored by another special train as far as London, at which point we are attached to the regular. A little beyond London we notice an iron bridge swept from its abutments down the river, which must have risen from present level, 12 or 15 feet to even touch it.

At Hamilton the train is made up for Toronto, giving us a pleasant ride along the shore of Lake Ontario. At Toronto we are to await the fast train for Montreal, and the hours are passed in sight-seeing. Some ride about the city, some visit the museum at the Educational institute and some are entertained at the governor's palace. Several friends call to welcome us, Mr. John Blackburn, Mr. Felix and others, from Meriden, and Mr. George G. Wingate, of Toronto, also paid us a visit.

This latter gentleman is a member of a party who used one of our cars for a long trip last summer.

It is dark as we again pursue our homeward way. This is the last night of the trip and the entire party join in a jolly frolic. The ladies, probably taking the cue from the Yosemite robbers, disguised themselves, leaving only the eyes visible; then the Sir Knights were compelled to guess which one was his wife, under the penalty of a heavy forfeit. The portion of the Queen's Dominion traversed during the evening rang with peals of merry laughter. Then the Sir Knights and their ladies gathering about the piano, we sang "the old songs" together for the last time, and finishing our frolic laughed ourselves to sleep. It will be some time ere we shall forget the long search for the wrench, and the sad plight of Sir Knight John W. Coe, the dampness of whose sleeping suit entitled him to commiseration.

SATURDAY, Sept. 1.—A lovely, cool morning finds us approaching Montreal. On our arrival we are met by our good friend Sir Knight S. W. Cummings, general passenger agent of the Vermont Central railroad, who inquires kindly concerning our trip, our health and our wants, gives us a pass to Springfield for the San Francisco boy and bids us goodbye. He leaves by next train to meet the Boston Commandery. At breakfast we are leaving Montreal, and on crossing the line the words of the old song ring out in chorus, "Hurrah for old New England with her cloud-capped granite hills."

As we speed along all are collected in one car, and the property of the party is disposed of at auction. Then a number of resolutions are passed, dividing the provisions among the cooks, porters and waiters, and thanking Sir Knight E. C. Birdsey for the labor accomplished in preparations for this successful trip. Also, Sir Knight R. T. Cook and Sir Knight

John W. Coe for the manner in which they have discharged their duties as commissaries." Also, appointing a committee of three, of which Sir Knight Levi E. Coe is chairman, to draft resolutions to be forwarded to all parties who have favored us during our pilgrimage, expressive of our appreciation of their efforts for our pleasure and comfort, and our thanks for the same.

Sir Knights E. J. Doolittle and E. C. Birdsey were appointed as the other members of this committee.

The following was voted: That the treasurer be instructed to refund to the Sir Knights who were prevented from accompanying us, the money received from them.

Sir Knight George S. Taylor, in a neat speech, thanked the party for the invitation to accompany them. He assured us that both himself and his wife consider this forty-one days' pilgrimage the pleasantest trip of their lifetime; that they both anticipated very much

from the journey, but that the realization had vastly exceeded their most extravagant dreams. Sir Knight H. H. Strong also returned thanks in behalf of himself and his wife, using expressions of similar import. Both Sir Knights remarked upon the fact that during the forty-one days there has been from first to last in both cars absolute and perfect harmony.

The following was unanimously

Resolved: That the historian, with the assistance of the executive committee, be instructed to prepare in permanent form a history of the journey, also adding to the executive committee the name of Sir Knight Eli C. Birdsey.

The meeting adjourned with regret that it is the last of a long series of regular meetings of this party.

We are rejoiced to greet Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lyman, who came on board en route for Brattleboro, taking this train at Montpelier Junction. We are glad to have their company at our last dinner. We have traveled more

than nine thousand miles and so near home have the first hot box. Fortunately we are near White River Junction, where a stop for dinner holds the train a sufficient length of time to substitute a new one. The New England scenery is delightful. It is safe to assume that every member of the party looks upon these lovely hill-sides with the utmost pleasure. The valley of the Connecticut is celebrated for the fertility of its sunny slopes, no less than for its scenic beauty. Its special charm for us, however, lies not in its shifting scenes, ministering to the "love of the beautiful," nor to its famed husbandry, but rather in the sentiment which finds expression in "Home Again." We find at Springfield the train for Meriden awaiting our arrival, the hour for its departure having passed. Sir Knight George W. Taylor and wife leave us at this point for their home in Chicopee. We bid them adieu with pain, regretting that "the best of friends must part."

Hurriedly the arrangements are made; our cars attached to the "Steamboat train" for home, and we are off; having first bidden adieu to the friends who meet us here and to the sick lad who is now nearly home, who says with tear-bedimmed eyes and trembling voice, "God bless you all."

At Berlin we are surprised by the entrance of Sir Knight W. F. Davis, Sir Knight Geo. W. Miller, Sir Knight W. F. Rockwell, Sir Knight W. L. Stoddard, J. H. Mabbett, of the *Press-Recorder*, and W. F. Graham, of the *Republican*.

"Home again, Home again," is ringing through the car as we stop at Meriden. The band is playing outside and our beloved Sir Knights of St. Elmo with the city officers and members of the common council are waiting to welcome the party whose trip across the continent is over.

I add here the names of those who have served us. Upon the car "Chas. B. Pratt,"

Noah C. Johnson, porter; Ellis Seales, cook; R. A. Jeffrey, waiter. Upon the car "City of Worcester," A. W. Clough, porter; James Carter, cook; Henry Smith, waiter.

In closing these hastily written letters I must be permitted to return thanks to the many kind friends and courteous Sir Knights to whom we are largely indebted for information imparted. It has been our good fortune to meet everywhere numbers of well-informed people, and all anxious to serve us in this as in other particulars.

The following, from an editorial in a local paper, tells the story of the welcome home: "The St. Elmo Tourists arrived home according to their Itinerary, Saturday evening, only three-quarters of an hour behind time. The hearty welcome from their brother Templars and the citizens generally, who thronged the platform, was a spontaneous testimonial of the people's esteem and good wishes. The circum-

stance of the train being forty-seven minutes late at Hartford, afforded opportunity to meet the travelers at Berlin. Those who availed themselves of it found each looking the picture of health. None gave evidence of weariness, and even the ladies declared themselves ready to undertake a similar journey if they could occupy the special cars which had carried them with such comfort over the 10,000 miles of their journeyings. Nearing Meriden the party joined in the chorus "Home Again." On their arrival at the depot they found the Reform School Cornet Band in waiting to pay its respects to the distinguished party. The enlivening music was a compliment wholly unexpected though highly appreciated by the travelers. This, however, was only one incident of the "Welcome Home." So many swarmed into the palace cars that the train was detained fully twenty minutes. The long absent ones saw the platform black with people, anxious to welcome them. Sir M. Beatty,

C. G. of St. Elmo, was there with twenty-two Sir Knights, Acting Mayor Curtis, with the entire Common Council were among the multitude, and it looked as if the entire city were out.

The assemblage of July 23d, on the occasion of the departure of the party, was a mere bagatelle compared with the vast concourse gathered to welcome them. It was a long time before the tourists were able to reach their carriages, so general and generous was the informal ovation tendered them. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Taylor, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., who accompanied the party, were also enthusiastically received by numerous friends at home, and were serenaded by a cornet band, under the direction of workmen of the Belcher & Taylor Mfg. Co., who, with about 500 friends and neighbors called to pay their respects. H. H. Strong and wife, of New Haven, also members of the party, received the congratulations of a host of friends on their arrival home.

The reminiscences of the trip given by the tourists are very interesting, and would fill a volume. They are very enthusiastic when speaking of the lavish hospitality of the people of the Pacific coast. Nothing was left undone to make their stay pleasant. Templar emblems were seen in floral designs upon lawns in all parts of San Francisco, showing how the visit was anticipated.

The praise of Mrs. Wm. P. Morgan is upon every tongue, and if ample justice was not accorded to her generosity and hospitality it is because the English language is inadequate.

The Meriden party were singled out at many points for especial courtesies. The press of San Francisco and other prominent cities heralded their coming and descanted upon their elaborate moving hotels, which the palace cars really are, and laid stress upon the fact that the "St. Elmo's of Meriden, Conn.," paraded with a larger number of swords in proportion to its membership than any other

Commandery east of the Mississippi, and that no tourist party from the East ever visited the Golden Gates in such regal style, which is a compliment to Connecticut, to Meriden, and to our home Commandery."